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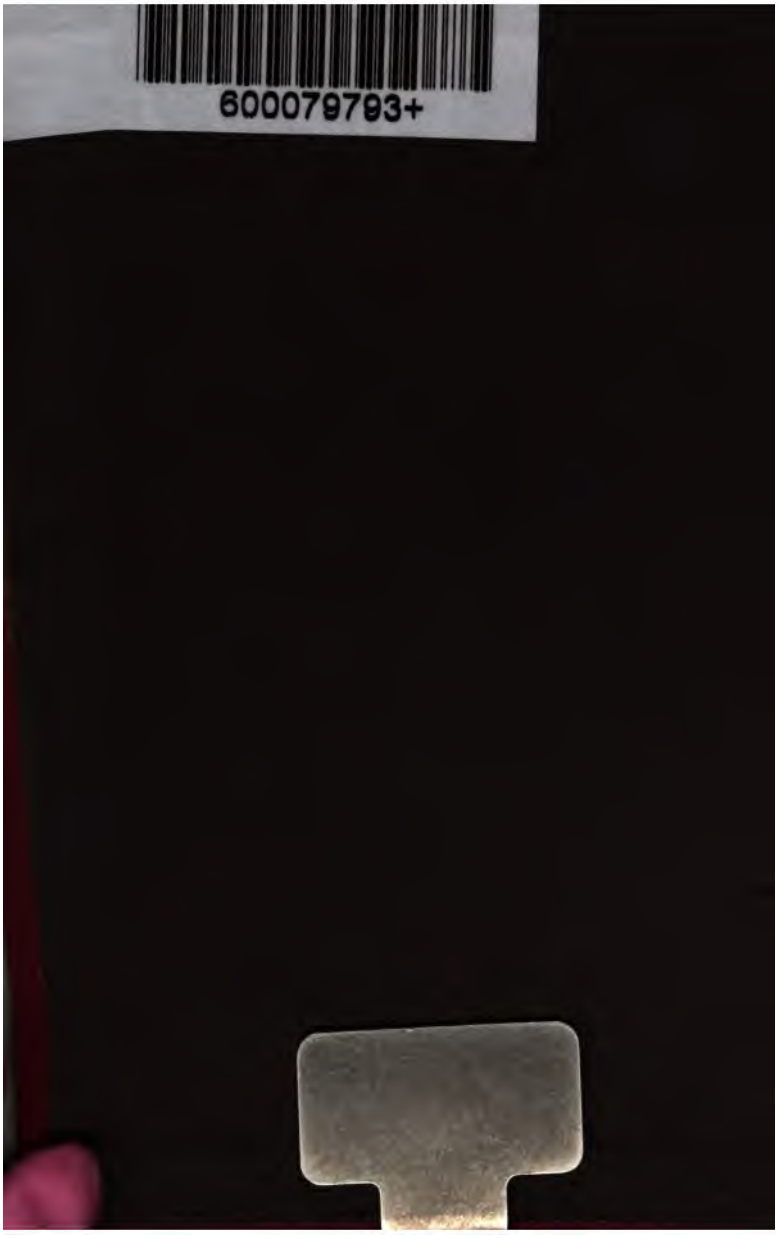
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Echoes from Tyrconnel



Rebecca Scott


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ECHOES FROM TYRCONNEL.

PRINTED AT
THE DERRY SENTINEL OFFICE.
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ECHOES FROM TYRCONNEL:

A Collection of

LEGENDARY AND OTHER POEMS.

BY

REBECCA SCOTT,

CASTLEFIN.

"To God above be glory—His the gift,
And I had nought to do but give it voice,
By more than mortal power constrained to sing."

VISION OF CAEDMON.

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Dedicated

BY PERMISSION

TO

THE MARQUIS OF HAMILTON,

AS A

Small Token of Grateful Respect.

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TASCAR AND EVA.

A LEGEND OF THE MAIDEN TOWER.

HAVE you never heard the story
Of yon castle grim and high,
With its battlemented towers
Gleaming, ghostlike, 'gainst the sky
Like some gaunt, gigantic sea-bird
Hovering o'er the troubled sea,
Whilst the billows round its basement
Dance, and leap, in boisterous glee?
Come, and seat yourself beside me,
While, to pass the idle hour,
I relate the mournful legend
Told about the "Maiden Tower."

In the time when bold crusaders,
Burning with a zeal misplaced,
Flocked, in eager thousands, eastward,
Paynim lands and hordes to waste;

'Neath a sacred standard marshalled,
Rushing in hot haste to prove,
By a war of ruth and rapine,
That they served a God of love.
Pacing o'er the beach together
Moved a knight and maiden fair,
Radiant in her youthful beauty,
With dark eyes and soft brown hair,
But the tears upon her eyelids
Glistened in the moon's soft rays,
As the dark, proud face beside her
Bent to meet her upturned gaze,
While in broken tones she murmured,
Nestling close to his side,
"O, my Tascar, something whispers
That I ne'er shall be your bride;
And, even now, thy soothing accents
Strike my sad heart like a knell
That these words, in anguish spoken,
Are, in sooth, a last farewell."

"Nay, my Eva," smiled the lover,
"Let me dry thy foolish tears,
Trust me, sweet, our separation
Shall but be for three short years;

Surely to a love like ours
Months of absence matter not,
And this righteous war, being ended,
Often on this very spot,
On her Tascar's strong arm leaning,
Shall a fair and happy bride
Whisper how, in tears, she waited
For his coming o'er the tide.
Knowest thou not that, ere I met thee,
I had vowed a solemn vow
To redeem the sacred city?
And I may not break it now.
Were it not foul scorn, dear maiden,
When our bold crusaders join,
If the trumpet tongue of rumour
Told how Tascar, by the Boyne,
Spent his time in dalliance idle,
Fettered by a small white hand?
While his manlier comrades gathered
Laurels in the Holy Land."

Smiling through her tears, the maiden
Raised her dark eyes to his face,
While the glow upon her features
Sent a new and richer grace;

"I would rather mourn thee fallen
'Neath the hand of Paynim foe,
Slander's voice must never reach thee,
Tascar, love, I bid thee go.
When beneath the Holy Standard,
In the thickest of the fight,
Eva's ceaseless prayers to heaven
May protect her gallant knight."

"Now, my Eva," said her lover,
"Thou hast spoken wisely, well,
And thy gentle benedictions
Needs must shield me, like a spell,
Till this holy strife is over,
And the sacred burial place
By our swords for ever wrested
From the hated Paynim race.
Then our good ship, home returning,
Shall display a banner white
Of our victory, to assure thee,
And the safety of thy knight,
O'er the sunlit waters floating,
To thy watching eyes 'twill tell,
Long before his voice can greet thee,
That he lives, and all is well;

While a blood-red banner streaming
  Shall a different tale relate,
How, beneath the Paynim sabres,
  Tascar bravely met his fate."

Months had passed since that sad parting,
  And Sir Tascar's promised bride
Daily, vainly, for his coming,
  Scanned with tearful eyes the tide,
Till, grown sick with idle longing,
  To beguile the tedious hours,
Had yon gaunt, ungraceful castle,
  With its battlemented towers,
Built, a watch tower by the sea side,
  Where in solitude she kept
O'er the waves her prayerful vigils,
  While the world around her slept.
And at length, the warfare ended,
  Light of heart, and flushed with fame,
Gallant Tascar hastened homewards
  His fair Eva's hand to claim.
O'er the sunlit waste of waters,
  Sailing gaily to his bride,
Darkly 'gainst the far horizon
  First yon stately tower espied,

With its battlemented turrets
Frowning o'er the sea below,
And he deemed it meant defiance
From some false invading foe.
Trembling for his darling's safety,
Madly drove his ship full sail,
With loud shouts of war and vengeance
Flung the red flag to the gale,
All unmindful of his compact,
And the tale that flag should tell
To the patient, waiting maiden,
Who had loved so long and well.
She, poor girl, had watched that morning
From her turret with delight,
As his vessel rose before her
Like a tiny speck of white;
But her cheek grew white with horror
As the good ship onward sped,
From the mainmast slowly floating
Streamed a banner bloody red.
Then her brain grew sick and dizzy,
And, with one wild shriek of woe,
From the turrets, headlong falling,
Dashed upon the beach below

As the vessel neared the harbour,
And her last expiring wail
Pierced the frenzied ear of Tascar,
Blanched his bronzed cheek deadly pale,
Turned his gay young heart to ashes,
As the cold unpitying tide,
Close beside the anguished lover
Dashed his pale and mangled bride.

Pillowed on its shining tresses
Lay the small and graceful head,
But the sweet lips now were pallid,
And the gentle soul had fled.
On the white and perfect features
No rude scars had left their trace,
Even the cruel rocks had spared them,
Loth to mar so fair a face.
But the trailing sea weeds mingled
With the wavy, golden sheen
Of the bright hair, darkly falling
O'er the crushed form like a screen—
O'er the white but mangled shoulders,
And the bare and bleeding arm,
O'er the young heart, still for ever,
Late so hopeful and so warm.

Once again, 'neath sacred standard,
In the fiercest of the fight,
Vainly seeking for oblivion
Might be found the hapless knight,
Till some friendly Paynim sabre
Pierced his ever-aching breast,
Freed his sorrow-burthened spirit,
Gave him happiness and rest.

THEKLA, THE WAIF.

A CHRISTMAS LEGEND.

'TWAS Christmas Eve, the cottage home
Was filled with ruddy light,
As bright the glowing yule log's gleams
Flashed forth upon the night.

Within, a fair and peaceful scene
Was pictured by its glow;
Without, a dreary, trackless waste,
Half hid by drifting snow.

Around the cottage roof and walls,
  As though at random flung,
The glossy Christmas evergreens
  In wreaths and garlands hung.

And in an inner room a group
  Of rosy, wondering boys
Were clustered round a Christmas tree
  Bedecked with glittering toys.

The mother sat beside her hearth,
  A babe upon her knee;
And brighter grew her fair, sweet face
  Her children's joy to see.

The toil-worn Ulrich's brow, unbent,
  Before his Gretchen's smile,
And in the universal joy
  Forgot his cares awhile.

Full well he knew those bright, young eyes
  Would know no sleep, till morn
Had ushered in the blessed day
  On which "our Lord" was born.

And, as the longed-for chimes peal forth
From distant minster bells,
He calls his children to his knee
And reverently tells

To reverent, earnest, auditors
The tale of Bethlehem:
How once the glorious King of Heaven
Became a child like them—

Like them, of humble mother born,
But poorly clothed and fed,
A stable for His place of birth,
Its manger for His bed;

And how He lived a life of toil,
Acquaint with all the woes
That manhood feels,—betrayed by friends,
Insulted, mocked by foes.

Until at length, on Calvary's hill,
To cruel torture led,
Beneath a crown of thorns He bowed
His sacred, dying head.

Yet with His last, expiring breath
His murderers forgave,
And meekly bore the pangs of death,
Men's souls from death to save.

And how this blessed day is kept
In honour of His birth,
When first the triumph song of Heaven
Was heard by men on earth.—

The children stood with tearful eyes,
With quivering lips, and pale,
And many a pitying sob burst forth
As sadder grew the tale.

"Oh cruel, cruel Jews," they cried,
"How could they be so blind?
How could they take the life of one
So gentle, and so kind?

"Had we been near, that blessed Child
Should not have wandered lone,
Bereft of shelter and of food,
But should have shared our own.

"But now, alas! we came too late,
And He can never know
How we, poor simple children long
Our love to Him to show."

The mother pressed them to her heart,
And kissed each fair young head;
"Of such the Heavenly kingdom is,
His own bless'd lips have said.

"Darlings, it never is too late
To let the good Lord see
His children's love, the pitying word,
The deed of charity.

"To feed and clothe His homeless poor,
To bind the suffering limb,
Is ever in our reach, and this
He counts as done to Him.

"For still He looks with love on man,
Still wears His earth-won scars,
Though now he reigns a glorious King
Above the radiant stars.

"Then dry your tears, and join with me
To sing the glorious strain
Which first the watching shepherds heard
On Bethlehem's favoured plain."

Like sweetest incense, up to Heaven
Arose the children's hymn;
The parents joined with quivering lips,
And eyes with feeling dim.

But hark! at intervals there came,
Blent with the silvery strain,
Deep, plaintive accents of distress,
Low wailing cries of pain.

Then Ulrich from the glowing hearth
Caught up a pine-wood torch,
In eager haste to render aid;
But ere he crossed the porch,

Close stretched beside the cottage door
He found a childish form,
Whose dripping rags scant shelter gave
Against the pelting storm,

And bore it to the glowing hearth,
And laid it gently down:
A slender girl, with tangled locks,
And eyes of dusky brown.

Her face was pitiful to see,
So pale, so worn, so thin;
And here and there the drifting sleet
Had chafed the tender skin.

Her feet were bare and swollen, her hands
Looked powerless and blue;
The rosy boys, with pitying words,
Around the stranger drew,

And Gretchen, in his cradle bed
Her sleeping infant laid,
And to her own warm, tender breast
She drew the wandering maid,

And gently chafed the frozen limbs,
And fed the starving child,
Till in her benefactor's face
The helpless creature smiled.

Then, with a mother's tenderest touch,
  Caressed the tangled hair,
And laid the worn-out limbs to rest
  With her own babes so fair.

Poor child, a piteous tale seemed hers;
  A weary way she came;
A lonely waif, without a friend,
  And Thekla was her name.

Till lost upon the weary moor,
  Fainting beneath the blast,
She sank at Ulrich's friendly door,
  And found a home at last.

For as the days and weeks wore on,
  The lonely child had grown
To Gretchen's and to Ulrich's heart
  As precious as their own.

PART SECOND.

Again, 'twas Christmas eve, but now
  Poor Ulrich's rosy boys
Stood sadly round an unlit tree
  Which bore no glittering toys.

Some withered fruit among the boughs
The fire-light now revealed,
And here and there a paper flower
Its emptiness concealed.

For poverty had made its home
With Ulrich through the year,
And sickness came, and work was scarce,
And food grew scant and dear.

The table, wont at Christmas tide
With dainty fare to groan,
Now bore one common earthen dish,
Containing bread alone.

And Ulrich sighed, while Gretchen turned
To hide the starting tears.
"This is the saddest Christmas time
In all my forty years.

"Yet glory be to God on high,
Once more we meet in health,
And blessed with daily bread, and that
We covet no man's wealth."

Then Thekla spoke, "My kindest friends,
Your lot is very hard,
And I, a useless wanderer, have
No claim on your regard.

"Why should I of your children's bread
Deprive you day by day?
Then let me with the morn depart,
And speed me on my way."

"Nay, God forbid," the peasant said,
"That one who came like thee,
Upon the holy Christmas morn,
Should e'er unwelcome be.

"For Christ's dear sake we took thee in
Our humble lot to share,
And blessed be His holy name
We still have bread to spare."

Then Gretchen's gentle voice chimed in,
"Thy words have pained my heart;
Wherefore, my Thekla, dost thou seem
So eager to depart?

"A daughter's portion still is thine,
Till our last crust be gone!
Then the dear Lord is merciful,
His holy will be done!"

She turned to look on Thekla's face,
But scarce could trust her sight,
For round the childish forehead gleamed
A diadem of light.

And as they watched her form expand,
They thrilled with sudden awe,
And knew at last it was no child
Of mortal race they saw.

But with a smile of tenderest love
The radiant form drew near,
"Look up, my ever-faithful friends,
Ye have no cause for fear.

"I came to you in lowliest guise,
A weeping, starving child;
The tenderest mother took me in,
And soothed me till I smiled.

"By bitter poverty I sought
Your faith in heaven to prove;
Not even that stern and cruel test
Your tender love could move.

"Though day by day your bright eyes dimmed,
Your cheeks fresh rose-tint paled,
Your kindness to the helpless waif
Ne'er for an instant failed.

"And now my task is done, my race
Expires with Christmas eve;
But ere I go, some precious gift
With you I fain would leave.

"Then speak your spirit's dearest wish,
The power to grant is mine;
Poor, toiling, care-worn parents, say
Shall wealth and power be thine?"

To Ulrich's heart, with Thekla's words,
A thrill of rapture came.
'Twas his at last, his youth's bright dream—
Rank, fortune, power, and fame.

And looking on his wife, he thought
How Gretchen's lovely face,
And Gretchen's modest matron charms
The highest lot would grace.

But Gretchen waited silently
To hear her husband speak,
A clouded light within her eyes,
A hot flush on her cheek.

She knew how happy they had been
Within their humble cot,
And feared the many cares that wait
Upon a wealthier lot,

And thought how soon exposed to all
The snares of pomp and pride,
Her children's wandering feet might turn
From virtue's paths aside.

And Ulrich, would he meekly bear
His fortune's sudden rise?
And Ulrich turned, and read the thought
Within her anxious eyes.

"Nay, Gretchen, thou shalt speak for both,
It is thy right alone;
Thy wish is mine," and Gretchen spoke
In sweet and earnest tone—

"Let us but be with thankful hearts
And pious children blest,
The peace of heaven around our hearth,
To God we leave the rest."

Then Thekla said—"Well hast thou chosen,
And now my race is o'er;
Farewell, for thou with earthly eyes
Shall see my face no more.

"But ever round thy hearth and home
Shall Thekla's blessing rest;
Thekla, who seemed a wandering waif,
But was an angel guest."

She ceased, and when they looked again,
The radiant form was gone,
But on the spot where she had stood
A ray like sunlight shone.

Henceforth, in happiness and peace,
Though never known to fame,
They dwelt, and poverty no more
Across their threshold came,

And lived to see their children grow
Their blessing and their pride;
Then calmly, in a green old age,
They laid them down and died.

CLEENA.

A LEGEND OF THE SOUTH.

AND this is Carrig Cleena, this the place
Where mighty Cleena holds her charmed court;
That awful queen, whose almost boundless power,
Transcendent charms, and majesty of port,
Have made her famous, praised in bardic lay
Her deeds, related by the cottage hearth;
Her godlike loveliness the unending theme
Of poets' warm, impassioned strain, whose birth
Is superhuman; yonder, too, the rocks

A huge gray circle, rudely scattered, lie,
While like a stately pine 'mong forest trees
The central cliff towers upwards to the sky,
From base to summit clad in living green,
While close beside huge blocks of granite gleam
In midst of which a yawning opening gapes,
Like some vast chasm seen in an awful dream.
Yes, 'tis the place of which the wizard told,
For all around the spot is fresh and fair;
The grass more green, the trees and flowers more bright,
The crops more bountiful 'neath Cleena's care;
And yonder, too, the white-flowered hawthorn grows,
Flinging rich odours out on every breeze,
While round the chasm rank ferns and flowering shrubs
Entwine their branches with the wild rose trees,
Which, one bright mass of never-fading bloom
In sweet luxuriance, never cease to wave
Around the opening in the rocks, and hides
From curious eyes the deep and spacious cave,
Which forms the entrance to the stately hall,
The gorgeous palace, built beneath the earth,
Where Cleena dwells in more than queenly pomp,
'Mid dance, and song, and never-ending mirth,

Where strains of such celestial sweetness swell,
That when to upper air their cadence floats
The mortal on whose ravished ear it falls
Stands helpless, spellbound by the wondrous notes,
Until the magic strains have died away
In melting sweetness on the balmy air,
Then hurries to his home with thankful heart,
Happy to know he dwells 'neath Cleena's care.

Here, for the present, must my wanderings end,
For in her palace, captive by the spells,
Her wondrous witcheries have round him cast,
He whom I seek, my long lost Gerald, dwells;
For she, the mighty queen of boundless power,
Whose haughty heart kings vainly tried to move,
Beheld my Gerald in an evil hour,
And bowed at last a slave to earthly love;
And day by day, in pleasure's maze entwined,
Close in her train the captive youth she keeps,
In the fond hope an answering love to win,
Unmindful that an earth-born maiden weeps,
Yet shall I hope to move her by my prayers,
By love, though mortal, mightier than her own,
Love that shall make my pale lips eloquent,
And cause my voice to echo to her throne.

Oh, Cleena! loveliest of all lovely things,
Oh, wise as lovely, powerful as wise,
Benign as powerful, hear, Oh hear my prayers,
Give back my lover to my longing eyes.
Though thou art radiant as a summer's morn,
Dazzling as is the sun at noontide's hour,
The sweet embodiment of every grace,
To win his heart is yet beyond thy power.
Men do not climb the tops of lordly trees
To cull the flowers to wear upon their breast,
But rather love to bend them to the sward,
Where not less sweet, though humbler blossoms rest,
They gaze with admiration on a star,
Its wondrous radiance and its glory praise,
Yet never wish to win it for their own;
Ne'er seek to light their home fire at its rays,
Though thou with deepest, subtlest spells enhance
A thousandfold thy superhuman charms,
Thy witcheries shall encircle him in vain;
Thou shalt not, can'st not, win him to thine arms,
Dazzled and awe-struck by thy beauty's blaze;
Thy majesty of mein he needs must be,
But Oh, sweet Cleena, ere he saw thy face
His heart's unchanging love belonged to me.

Oh, gentlest queen, fast friend of human kind,
Throughout the land thy bounteous deeds are known,
Thy generous gifts to favoured mortals given,
Wilt thou be harsh to one poor maid alone?—
Here at the portals of thy dwelling bent,
Wayworn and weary on the damp cold earth,
To crave thy pity for my captive love,
Kneel I, a maid, of well-nigh princely birth;
See how the dew drops in my tresses freeze,
Mark how my cheeks have grown so pale, so worn;
How, toiling sadly over fen and moor,
Hands, feet, and raiment are by brambles torn.
What, silent still to all my sad complaints!
Oh, cruel queen, so pitiless and cold,
I might have known thy haughty, marble breast
No tender-loving woman's heart could hold;
Nay, then, I'll sing, to win thee to compliance,
My woes, in strains so plaintive and so sweet,
That those grim rocks which bar me from my love
Shall melt, and so restore him to my feet;
For I have learned that in thy charmed dwelling
You hold him captive, great but cruel queen,
While I, for weary weeks and months, in sorrow
Ranging in fruitless quest of him have been.

CLEENA.

And who art thou! frail child of mortal birth,
Who dare to brave the mighty Cleena's wrath?
Or knowest thou not one kindling glance of mine
Could sweep thee, like a blossom from my path,
Blighted and withered by my scathing touch,
Thy short-lived beauty and thy sweetness gone;
Or freeze thee, all presumptuous as thou art,
Into a block of gray and senseless stone.
Not thus, believe me, rash and reckless maid,
Do pleading mortals come, at stated hour,
To Carrig Cleena, suppliants for my aid,
Thus brave my wrath, and dare my sovereign power;
But thou art young, and grief sits on thy brow,
Blanches the roses on thy fair pale cheek,
And dims thy tender dark eyes' wonted fire—
So I will pardon, and will hear thee speak.

AILEEN.

Why should I fear? What can'st thou do but kill?
And death I dread not; should I plead in vain,
'Twere more than welcome, soothing every ill,
Ending my wanderings, healing all my pain.

Was it not fortune hard enough that we,
The son and daughter of two mortal foes,
Should love each other, meeting but by stealth
At dewy morning, or at evening's close ?
Yet met we oft enough to interchange
Our mutual vows of changeless, deathless love:
See, here; I bear upon my finger still
His ring, our troth pledge, and it shall not move
From thence one instant till his own dear hand
Shall draw it hence, and his own truthful voice,
In altered tones, the cruel words shall speak—
Aileen O'Brian, I rue my hasty choice:
Then, slain by his unkindness, I shall lay
My drooping head down by this grim rock's base,
Where never friendly foot shall come to claim
The blighted daughter of a ruined race;—
Here, where the hawthorn flowers drop silently,
Like perfumed snow-flakes, to the velvet sward,
Close by the portals of thy palace die,
And never murmer that my fate is hard.—
But this is idle; in my senseless grief
I wrong, even by the thought, the gallant youth;
There is no honour and no worth on earth
If Gerald do not prove the soul of truth;

Falsehood or fickleness have never dwelt
Within such eyes, nor soiled such noble brow;
I've trusted him, through good report and ill,
Through force and fraud, and will not doubt him now.
But, gentlest Cleena, peerless, potent queen,
Poor sorrowing mortal's firm, unwearying friend,
Though half distraught with grief, my words seem wild,
Trust me, I meant not, mean not, to offend.
Oh, what were I---a helpless, way-worn maid,
A homeless wanderer from my father's tower,
With bleeding feet, and tresses all unbound?—
To brave the mighty Cleena in her power.
As well compare this faded cheek of mine,
My pallid brow and drooping wasted form,
Those tear-dimmed eyes, now robbed of all their fire,
These dusky locks, the sport of every storm,
With thy celestial beauty, queenly grace,
Thy calm sweet eyes, thy dazzling forehead crowned
By waving tresses of pale lustrous gold,
In rich luxuriance, rippling to the ground;
Nay, bending lowly to the damp cold earth,
Here, at the portals of thy palace home,
A tearful suppliant for thy powerful aid,
And tender woman's sympathy, I come.

The weary weeks to tedious months have grown
Since last Fitz-Gerald, eager for the chase,
Quitted his home one summer's morn, and since
No earthly eye has looked upon his face.
His stag-hounds bay in sullen discontent,
His steed stands idle in the silent stall,
His jocund horn no more the echoes wake,
His sword hangs rusting in his father's hall.
Eastward and west, for many a weary day,
In search of him his sorrowing kindred sped,
Then, as the months passed fruitlessly away,
Gave up the search, bewailing him as dead;
But I, his broken-hearted promised bride,
Kept hoping still, though every hope seemed gone,
Forth from my father's halls at dead of night,
With stealthy steps, I wandered, and alone.
What recked I of the perils of the way?
The cruel toil through hunger, cold, and pain,
Could I succeed where hardier ones had failed,
Might I but look on Gerald's face again.
I may not tell, nor could'st thou, happy queen,
Who knowest not mortal weakness, understand
The bitter woe and suffering that were mine,
While wandering, vainly wandering, through the land,

Until at last, when all my strength seemed gone,
And trembling on the confines of the grave,
I seemed to stand, fate drew my feeble feet
To Kerry's wilds, where yawned a wizard's cave,
And there, by wizard's magic arts, I learned
That, captive by the mighty Cleena's spells,
Amid the splendours of her palace home,
And loved by her, my long-lost Gerald dwells.

And so I followed, most benignant queen,
In the dear hope that thou would'st set him free,
Even could'st thou gain it for thy very own,
Oh, what were mortal's short-lived love to thee?
One joy but added to a life all joy,
One bud among a gorgeous wreath of flowers,
One star amid a galaxy of stars,
One fading bloom 'mong bright and fadeless bowers,
One gem among a wealth of priceless gems,
One soft sweet chord but mingling with the strains
Of glowing harmony, which ceaseless rings
Within thy halls, and echoes to the plains!
But, Oh! to me 'tis life, and light, and joy,
The one sweet strain amid the ceaseless strife,
The only star that shone upon my path,
The flower that sweetened all my dreary life,

The precious pearl deep hidden in my heart,
My soul's one treasure, all my hope, my bliss,
My dearer life, Oh, stony-hearted queen,
Say, what were life itself bereft of this?
What, silent still! and must I plead in vain?
Then here upon this rock my seat I'll take,
And pour my woes in such enchanting strains
That spellbound Gerald from his trance must wake,
My love shall teach me such impassioned words,
Such matchless music, that my dying breath
Shall reach his heart, and tell my mournful tale,
His Aileen's constancy in life and death.

CLEENA.

Forbear, rash girl, thy wild impassioned threats!
The matchless constancy which thou hast shewn,
Joined with thy pensive beauty, touch my heart,
Have gained thy suit, thy lover is thine own.
Come, rest awhile within my palace home
(Fitz-Gerald waits thee in my charmed halls)
Until thy new-found rapture to thy cheek
Its wonted roundness and its bloom recalls;
Then, blest with Cleena's best and choicest gifts,
Together to thy home thou shalt return,

Where, while thy term of life on earth shall last,
The light of happiness shall ceaseless burn;—
There shalt thou find, by Cleena's sovereign will,
The deadly feud between thy sires shall cease,
And all the bitter past forgot, henceforth
Thy kindred dwell in harmony and peace.

THE SCHOLAR'S WEAPON.

ONCE a scholar, sage and saintly,
Wearying of the crimes of men,
Turned him from the crowded cities,
Sought a deep, secluded glen.

Scooped a cell from out the hill-side,
Made of coarsest fruits his fare,
Spread his humble couch of heather,
Passed his days in tears and prayer:

Tears, because unchecked oppression
O'er the earth in riot ran;
Man, in greedy thirst for conquest,
Trampling down his fellow-man.

Wickedness, in jewels gleaming,
Jostling in the crowded street,
Gaunt-eyed famine stalking meagre,
Murder borne on stealthy feet.

Despots, for their own base pleasure,
Driving weaker ones aside
To the confines of existence,
Where they laid them down and died.

Captives in their dreary dungeons
Dragging out their hopeless lives;
Helpless infants wandering homeless,
Starving mothers, maddened wives.

And the scholar wept disheartened,
And with burning words he prayed—
"Oh! for some immortal champion;
Oh! for some celestial aid;

"Oh! to hear some voice from heaven
Echoing o'er this dreadful din;
Oh! for hands to raise a rampart
'Gainst this flood of wrong and sin."

And exhausted with his sorrow
For a while the scholar slept,
But his anguish never slumbered,
Even in his dreams he wept.

Then a fair and radiant stranger
Entered silently his room,
And the atmosphere grew fragrant
With a subtle, sweet perfume,

While the gleam of shining pinions
Filled the cell with glorious light,
And the poor, bewildered scholar
Sank down dazzled at the sight.

But the angel's touch caressing
Thrilled his pale and drooping brow,
While a tuneful voice demanded,
"Child of earth, why weepest thou?"

Then the scholar's heart took courage
At that soft and silvery sound—
"I have wept, because oppression
And iniquity abound.

"All the world is full of sorrow,
And my heart is torn with pain
For the wrongs I see around me,
Wrongs I'm powerless to restrain.

"God's own image sold and shackled,
Not the limbs alone confined,
But the cruel chains of error
Fetter brain, and soul, and mind!"

"Wherefore then," inquired the angel,
"If such plague-spots stain the lands,
Dost thou in thy fruitless sorrow
Sit with feeble, folded hands?

"Up, instead of idly weeping;
Fierce unceasing warfare wage,
Thou thyself must be the champion
'Gainst those blots which mar the age.

"Yet thou shalt not strive unaided,
Heaven is with thee in the fight,
And let this be still thy watchword,
Victory yet must crown the right.

"And, behold! this magic weapon,
To assist thy cause I bring;
Wield it well, and it shall make thee
Far more powerful than a king.

"Used aright, in time 'twill vanquish
All the burning wrongs of men:"
Then the wondering scholar, waking,
Found upon his desk a pen!

And he learned with skill to wield it
Like some old magician's wand,
Till it grew a mighty weapon
In his pale and slender hand,

Till from out that cell's seclusion,
With a giant's force were hurled,
Words so thrilling and impassioned
That their echoes woke the world:—

From the slave shook off his shackles;
Lashed with scorn each deed of wrong;
Bade the hills and valleys echo
With the free-born peasant's song;

Flashed a flood of heavenly sunshine
Into dungeons dark and lone;
Made the proud oppressor tremble,
Hurled the despot from his throne;

Banished ignorance and error,
Called fair science into birth,
Gave the heritage of freedom
To the lowliest sons of earth.

Long that sage and saintly scholar
From the earth has passed away;
But the glorious gift he gave us
Is as powerful to-day;—

Sways at will the mightiest nations,
Leads our armies, makes our laws,
Rules our senates, fires our patriots
In their country's glorious cause.

Wielded still by his decendants,
It has given us freedom, peace,
Knowledge, commerce, glory, blessing;
Never may its influence cease!

I DREAM OF THEE.

I DREAM of thee, when gentle spring
Bounds o'er the frozen lea,
Her robe of loveliness to fling
O'er every leafless tree;
When 'neath her light foot's magic tread
Bright flowerets spring to birth,
And brooklets in her smiles gush forth
To glad the green young earth.

I dream of thee, in summer time,
When from the orchard trees
The rose-hued apple blossoms whirl
On every perfumed breeze;
When woodlands ring with melody,
And sunshine floods the dells,
And every poet's heart is stirred
By Nature's myriad spells.

I dream of thee, in autumn days,
When fields of waving grain
Impart their glowing golden tinge
To upland and to plain;

When wearying of the soft green robes
They wore in earlier days,
The forest trees in gorgeous hues
Of gold and crimson blaze.

I dream of thee, when moorlands bleak
Are wrapped in winter's snow,
When o'er the hills with wail and shriek
The angry tempests blow;
When earth looks desolate and lone,
And sullen moans the sea,
And skies are veiled with lowering clouds,
Beloved, I dream of thee!

In spring, because thy gentle smile
Like spring has magic power
To scatter o'er my frozen path
Full many a precious flower;
In summer time, because thy voice
O'er ears and heart has flung
A strain of melody more sweet
Than forest birds e'er sung;

In autumn, for my garnered joys
Are clustered all round thee,

In thee the ripening hopes of years
Their glad fruition see;
And in thy radiant presence life,
So colourless of old,
Puts on bright hues, and gorgeous tints
Of crimson and of gold.

I dream of thee, in winter time,
Because full well I know,
Bereft of thee, my lonely heart
Were colder than the snow;
The loneliest moor by tempests swept
Were not so desolate,
The blackness of the midnight sky
Were sunshine to my fate.

But wherefore with ill-omened fears
My trusting heart perplex?
Thou art my star, and while thou art,
No doubts my soul shall vex,
But gladly in thy gentle rays
The swift-winged seasons flee
One round of melody and mirth,
And rose-hued dreams of thee.

LATHONTES ANGELOI.

THERE are graceful forms around us
Passing swiftly from our sight,
And the unseen wings are rustling
Ere they plume themselves for flight.

Eyes, whose holy fires are kindled
At no flame of mortal birth ;
Lips, whose utterances are tuneful
With a music not of earth.

Pale hands working, never weary,
Patient hearts of sterling gold,
Calm white brows, so still and placid,
That we rashly term them cold.

Drooping shoulders, carrying meekly
Daily cross of heaviest weight,
Daily, like the Master, giving
Deeds of love for causeless hate.

And they walk unknown among us,
Oft through paths of toil and pain,
Keeping still the pure robes round them
All unsoiled by earthly stain.

Yet we let them pass unheeded,
With no word of help or praise,
Only conscious of their brightness,
As they vanish from our gaze—

Only see the radiant white wings
As they soar into the skies;
Learn too late that we have harboured
Heaven's own angels in disguise.

Then with bitter, vain contrition
Our own sightlessness condemn,
Own, with tears, we were not worthy
To have kissed their garment's hem.

Oh! for clearer, truer vision;
Oh! for loving hands to clasp
In our own these hands celestial
Ere they vanish from our grasp.

Oh! to catch their falling mantle,
As they wing their flight above,
Catch with it their patient spirit,
And their meek unwearying love.

THE FATE OF THE WATER LILY.

ON the brow of a lake, in a mossy dell,
Did a graceful water lily dwell
In lonely beauty, without a peer,
For none of her kindred beside were near;
And though far away from the haunts of men,
In the deep recess of that mountain glen,
Where human foot had but seldom moved,
No city belle was e'er more beloved.
The neighbouring wild flowers all confessed
That the snow, which lay on the mountain's breast,
Was not more spotless, pure, or fair,
Than the gentle lily which flourished there.
The wild bird paused, on his joyous wing,
A tender lay, in her praise, to sing;
The broad-leaved fern made her soft green nest,
And the zephyrs lulled her each eve to rest,
And a star looked down, with a lover's eye,
To guard her sleep, oh! so tenderly;
And the truant bee, who from hour to hour
Coquetted and toyed with each radiant flower,
Folded his wings on her dazzling breast,
And hummed, "Sweet Lily, I love thee best."

And so happy was she, in that peaceful spot,
That she never once wished to change her lot,
'Till a babbling stream, as he danced along,
Assailed her ears with his gay love song.

"Oh! peerless flower with the golden crest,
Fair as the snow on the mountain's breast,
Ah! why dost thou waste in this desert place
Those charms which a royal court might grace?
Oh! come with me, and my arms shall bear
My radiant queen to a home more fair
Than you ever saw in your brightest dreams;
Where sparkling fountains and laughing streams
Lave velvet banks; where thy kindred fair,
In myriads gleam in the gay parterre;
Where the tulip, rich with a thousand dyes,
Unfolds her robes to the gorgeous skies;
And the clambering vine, with its broad cool leaves,
Round the trellis its graceful tendrils weaves;
Where the jasmine white, and sweet eglantine,
Round fair ladies' bower in rich clusters twine,
And the beds are bright with the aster's bloom,
And the heliotrope mingles its rich perfume
With the purple violets' balmy breath,
And the odours borne from the thymy heath;

Where the blushing rose, as yet is queen,
Though soon shall the sceptre pass, I ween,
From her grasp, when her slaves thy charms shall see;
For what is the rose, when compared with thee?—
Her perfumed breath is sweet, it is true,
And her crimsoned petals are fair to view;
But 'neath her velvet-like mantle worn
She hides full many a cruel thorn,
As those who succumb to her subtle spell,
By bought experience, too oft can tell.
Then, who would compare her blushing face
With my queenly lily's stately grace?
Or her thorn protected, flaunting dress,
With my darling's robe of gentleness?
Then come, oh come, I have loved you long:
Nay, bend thine ear to my raptured song.
Of all thy suitors I love thee best,
Oh! glance but once in my limpid breast,
And say, if thou see'st not reflected there
Thy golden crest, and thy form so fair."—
And day by day, as he danced along,
He poured in her ears his impassioned song,
'Till the lily, mistaking *mere sound* for *sense*,
And bewildered quite by his eloquence,
Found her bosom swell with a new-born pride,

And turned from her early friends aside;
From the simple strains of the forest birds,
To hang with delight on his high-flown words;
From the loving stars' soft silvery beam,
To the bubbles which danced on the laughing stream;
And the bee, who still on her breast reposed,
To his tender hum found her ears now closed:
And one morn she was missed from her ferny nest,
And the streamlet had borne her away on his breast.

Who so happy as she, as they danced along,
To the merry chime of his ceaseless song?
Past a meadow now, then a stately wood,
In whose shade some lordly mansion stood;
While the birds, who dwelt in those grand old trees,
Filled the air with a thousand melodies:
Or some tiny cot, round whose low-browed door
Played forms she had never seen before.
Fair sportive childhood, with brows as fair
As her own pure breast, and whose rippling hair
In the sun-light shone, like *her* golden crest,
Which gleamed so bright on the streamlet's breast.
And still they danced gaily on, till she,
Unused to such boisterous gaiety,
Grew dizzy and faint, and ceased to smile,

And sighed, "Dear stream, let us rest a while,
Or my feeble strength will soon be gone;"
But he laughed at her fears, and went dancing on.
And the radiant visions passed away,
And at noon the course of the streamlet lay
O'er yawning chasm and sharp-edged rocks,
And the lily's breast, from their cruel shocks,
Was wounded and stained, and the fierce red sun
Beat down as he never before had done
On her now unsheltered and drooping head,
And she sighed in vain for her ferny bed;
And she saw, and the sight made her pallid with fear,
That the stream, impatient her plaints to hear,
No longer bore on his stormy face
The smiling ripples, which lent such grace
To his open brow, but an angry foam
Rose to his lips when she spoke of home;
And soon, as the day passed slowly on,
She saw that his short-lived love was gone;
And evening found her weary and worn,
With spirits broken and petals torn,
Bewailing in sadness her hapless lot;
And at last, when they reached a calm, sweet spot,
Where a lovely wild flower stooped on the brink
Her graceful head from the stream to drink,

She heard him chant in the selfsame words
The strain that had thrilled to her own heart's chords,
In the blushing beauty's delighted ears,
And turned away to conceal her tears,
And meekly bowing her aching head,
In a voice, half choked with sobs, she said—
"Oh! fickle streamlet, why did you come
To tempt me away from my peaceful home?
How happy there I might now have been
If thy treacherous face I never had seen!
But too late I mourn, the die is cast;
No power on earth can retrieve the past.
Yet see far beyond yon line of foam
Lies a tiny lake which resembles home.
Oh! would I could manage to reach its bank,
And nestling down 'mid those ferns so rank,
There hide my wrongs and my misery,
And lay me down in peace to die."
Then the streamlet, tired of her long address,
More tired of her faded loveliness,
And of those reproaches which he knew
From the injured lily were justly due,
Bore her aside to the shady bank,
And laid her down 'mong the fern leaves rank;
And then, in reply to her farewell moan,

Laughed a mocking laugh, and went dancing on
To woo some other flower as fair,
And leave her, when won, to the same despair.

And the hapless lily, deceived and lone,
Breathed out her life in that farewell moan;
And the forest birds her requiem sung,
And a shroud of moss o'er her pale corse flung;
And the gentle star, who had traced her flight,
Shone still o'er that spot, on the darkest night,
And looked sadly down, with a lover's eye,
To guard her grave, oh! so tenderly.

Methinks my tale can no moral need;
It is so plain "They who run may read."
The simplest songs of the forest birds
Are truer by far than high-flown words;
And the quiet love of a steady star,
Than impassioned vows, more enduring far.
And the lily who lists to a flattering tongue
May, like the flower whose fate I have sung,
Have deep and heartfelt cause to rue
That she ever changed tried friends for new.
But, alas! the lesson may learn too late
avoid the poor water lily's fate.

THE COLD WATER CURE.

AN IRISH IDYLL.

A peat that's half burned will soon kindle again,
In spite of man's anger and woman's disdain,
So said all the village, when Nellie Adair
Broke off her engagement with handsome Frank Clare.
Now, Nell of the Village, was plaything and pet,
And, must I confess it, a naughty coquette,
Who turned all the heads of the youth of the place
With her kitten-like ways and her sunshiny face.
The squire of the village, young Reginald Giles,
Would have given half his fortune to bask in her smiles,
But at all his fine speeches she laughed in her glee—
The flower in the forest, the bird on the tree,
Was not more light-hearted than Nellie Adair,
Till she met with her fate in the form of Frank Clare.
And Frank was so manly, and Nelly so fair,
With her beaming brown eyes, and her waving brown hair;
And somehow it happened they met every day,
And each time they met they had something to say,

Till each girl in the village informed her dear friend
"There can be little doubt how the matter will end,
And, pray, where could we find a more suitable pair
Than our light-hearted Frank and sweet Nellie Adair?"
And so it was settled, the banns were proclaimed,
The bridal wreath purchased, the wedding day named,
But we know "seldom smoothly the course of love flows,"
And over their sunshine a dark cloud arose;
For Frank was so jealous, and Nellie was proud,
And soon it was whispered, then spoken aloud,
That Nellie, to tease him, oft lavished her smiles,
In spite of his murmurs, on Reginald Giles.
So they met with upbraidings, and parted with strife,
Till the spoiled girl declared "I will ne'er be his wife,"
And often repeated "that Nellie Adair
Would die ere she'd yield to the whims of Frank Clare,"
While the neighbours looked on, amused at the sight,
And said, never mind, it will yet come out right,
In spite of his coolness, and Nellie's disdain,
"For a peat that's half burned will soon kindle again."
Ah, me! it is sad, when young hearts in their pride,
From the thing they have worshipped, turn coldly aside,
How the ghosts of the past mock the sorrowful now,

As the dear one is met with a cold word or bow ;
And though soul flies to soul, and heart bounds to heart,
How the strong stubborn will keeps the cold hands apart,
And, though the cheek whitens, the stern haughty eye
Neither softens, nor beams, as they coldly pass by !
So was it with them ; if they met, 'twas by chance,
Then a cool civil greeting, a calm careless glance
Of his eyes, or a toss of her pretty brown head,
Till Frank to himself, in his bitterness, said :—
" What a fool I have been, to imagine that bliss
Could ever be found in an iceberg like this?
But my folly is over, and never again
Shall a woman's caprice give me pleasure or pain,
I'll no more pin my faith to her honour and truth ; "
But, in spite of his lofty resolves, the poor youth
Grew careless in person and listless in pace,
And the sunshine all faded from Nellie's sweet face,
And often, I fancy, young Reginald Giles
Received icy speeches instead of bright smiles ;
And the neighbours still whispered, and knowingly smiled,
" In spite of all this they will be reconciled,

For they're fighting 'gainst fate, and such warfare is vain,
For a peat that's half burned will soon kindle again."

At last, when the summer had faded away,
They met at the brook on a cold winter's day,
And the proud youth looked on from the opposite side,
While the brook, swollen by floods, foamed between,
like their pride,
And Nellie, disdaining to ask for his aid,
Attempted to cross it, though sadly afraid;—
Perhaps 'twas her terror; perhaps 'twas the thought
Of the change that the summer now ended had brought;
Perhaps 'twas the rush of the brook in her ears
That made her head swim and her eyes fill with tears;
But whatever the reason, her footing she lost,
And out on the flood like a leaflet was tossed.
Frank rushed to the rescue—what could he do less?
What churl would not aid any girl in distress?
Then out on the air rang her cry of dismay,
"Help! help! or this torrent will sweep me away."
At the sound of her wail all his anger died out,
As he plunged to her side, with a clear ringing shout,
"My darling, I've saved you! thank God for the
chance,"

And all the old love-light beamed forth in his glance,
And his hand closed round her's with the old loving
grasp,
And pride and resentment all thawed in that clasp,
And two proud, aching hearts forever had rest,
As her glossy brown ringlets sank down on his breast—
Gone forever all coldness, all scorn and disdain,
For the peat that's half burned must needs kindle again.

THE LADY CLARE.

A LEGEND OF KILLARNEY.

IDLY dreaming by the hillside,
Sat a maiden young and fair,
With the golden sunbeams dancing
'Mong her wealth of dark brown hair.

Smiling vale and wooded dingle
Far below in shadow lay,
And where'er her bright eyes rested
All she looked on owned her sway.

Rarest gems, in rich profusion,
Glittered in her silken hair,
Gleamed on zone, and neck, and bosom,
Flashed and clustered everywhere.

But the glittering diamonds, nestling
In her rich robes every fold,
Seemed, beside her dark eyes' lustre,
Wan, and colourless, and cold.

Beautiful, as poet's vision,
Blest with every gift and grace,
Yet a still increasing shadow
Rested on the lovely face.

Daughter of a mighty chieftain,
Known and loved throughout the land;
Chiefs and knights of noblest daring
Sighed to win that jewelled hand.

But from every ardent wooer
Turned she wearily away;
And the aged chief, her father,
Waxing feebler every day,

Daily urged his lovely daughter,
From the princes of the land,
Speedily to choose a partner
Worthy of her rank and hand.

But the maiden ever answered,
"Urge me not, it may not be;
King, or prince, or chief, I will not;
Earthly love is not for me."

And she sat her by the hillside
Till the summer's day had died,
With the shadow growing deeper
On her fair face, as she sighed:

"I am young, and rich, and noble,
And my flatterers call me fair,
But the lowliest peasant maiden
Is more blest than Lady Clare.

"To her couch no gorgeous vision,
As in mockery, seems to glide,
By its superhuman beauty
Dimming everything beside."

And the saintly Abbot, watching
How devoid of girlish pride,
Listless from each glittering pageant
Turned she wearily aside,

Said, "This meek soul, humbly turning
From earth's splendour, longs to dwell
In a holy, calm seclusion,
Safe within the cloister's cell."

But the wiser Abbess answered,
"Trust me, brother, 'tis not so,
When has humble bride of Heaven
Cared for earthly gauds or show?

"Mark you not the jewels gleaming
On fair neck and rounded arms,
And those lustrous robes enhancing
Her but *too* transcendent charms.

"Though more gentle heart in woman
Never yet was known to beat,
And the blessings of the needy
Everywhere her presence greet;

"Though her soul is pure and stainless,
'Tis not Heaven for which she sighs;
Earth-born hopes and aspirations
Sparkle in her radiant eyes."

But it chanced her chosen handmaid,
Una, of the raven hair,
Learned at last the secret sorrow
That oppressed the Lady Clare.

Watching by her troubled slumbers,
Heard her lady softly sing,
How a fair and dazzling vision
Of the mighty water king,

Who, in stately marble palace,
Dwelt beneath the waters bright
Of the lake beneath the castle,
Passed before her night by night;

Till at last his radiant image,
Waking, dwelt within her soul;
And she loved the dazzling vision
With a love beyond control.

On the lake beneath the castle,
Where her gilded barge reposed,
With her wild harp, borne by Una,
When the summer day had closed.

To the harp's sweet plaintive measure
Sweetly rose the vesper hymn,
Till the orient sky grew crimson,
And the stars burned faint and dim.

And the faithful-hearted Una
Never once her secret breathed;
But a crown of water lilies
At her lady's bidding wreathed.

SECOND PART.

"April's dewy days are ended,
And the young May blossoms fair
In the velvet meads are springing
Fresh and sweet," said Lady Clare.

"Sleep to-night, my gentle Una;
'Tis May Eve, and I must go,
Silently and unattended,
Where the lake gleams blue below;

"There to try if spells will summon,
Visible to mortal sight,
One whose radiant form is never
Absent from my dreams by night."

In the distance, steeped in moonlight,
Lovely Innisfallen lay,
While enwrapped in deepest shadow
Torc and Glena glimmered gray.

Eagle's nest and purple mountain
Towering sombre through the gloom,
As along the sleeping valley,
Radiant in its April bloom,

Swift and stealthy, as a shadow,
Noiselessly the lady sped,
And the anxious handmaid Una
Followed where her mistress led,

Crouching, where the dark arbutus
Clusters in luxuriance rank,
Through the bright shrubs' blooming tangle
On the sparkling blue lake's bank.

Firmly on the flowery margin
Saw the fearless maiden stand
With a white wand, tipped with silver,
Gleaming in her girlish hand.

Heard strange words of invocation
Uttered in such burning tones,
That their thrilling, mystic passion
Might have moved the cold gray stones.

Thrice above her flower-wreathed forehead
Lightly waved her silver wand;
Thrice within the sparkling waters
Saw her dip her snow-white hand;

Thrice the mystic invocation
Thrilled the spell-bound listener's soul;
Then across the calm lake's bosom
Sounds of heavenly music stole.

As with moistening eyes she listened,
Nearer swelled the glorious chords,
Melodies of "grand old masters"
Wedded to immortal words.

Then the placid lake grew troubled,
And the wondering maiden's eyes
Marked a bright resplendent vision
From the foaming waves arise,

On a milk-white courser seated,
Clad in suit of emerald green,
Princely knight, of stateliest presence,
Dazzling in the glittering sheen

Of his gold emblazoned armour,
Studded o'er with jewels rare,
And his gem-besprinkled helmet
With its white plumes gleaming fair.

Silken were his courser's trappings,
Azure hued, with gleams of gold,
Blent with tints of rose and crimson,
Shimmering pearls on every fold.

Tenderest green, and lake, and saffron,
In the moonlight flashed and glowed,
Till it seemed as though a rainbow
The majestic knight bestrode.

Curbed with gold, and shod with silver,
Lightly as on velvet mead,
Through the foaming, sparkling waters
Moved the stately milk-white steed,

While the sweet unearthly music
Filled and thrilled the charmèd air,
And the bright resplendent vision
Bent before the Lady Clare,

And the trembling Una, listening,
In soft accents heard him say,
"I am he who haunt thy slumbers—
I have loved thee many a day.

"Tell me, then, sweet earth-born maiden,
Could'st thou for my sake forego
All thy human heart has cherished—
Home and sire no more to know;

"From all earthly love and lovers
Turning steadily aside,
Share thy water monarch's fortunes,
And become my worshipped bride;

"Satisfied to dwell for ever
In my palace 'neath this lake?"
And the Lady Clare made answer,
"I can do it, for thy sake."

From his milk-white courser springing,
Then the joyful water king
Stooped, and kissed the maiden's forehead,
Placed upon her hand a ring.

"Then, beloved, thou must be faithful,
Till, when seven long years have flown,
I, with kingly pomp and splendour,
Come to claim thee for my own.

"With this ring my troth I pledge thee,
On thy brow this kiss I leave,
Vowing on this spot to meet thee
As returns each glad May-Eve."

THIRD PART.

Swiftly flew the changing seasons;
And the chieftain saw, with pain,
How, from prince and chief, his daughter
Turned aside with cold disdain.

And the troubled handmaid Una
  Meant the reason to reveal,
But some powerful spell upon her
  Still her quivering lips would seal.

As with each "May-Eve's" returning,
  Still she watched her lady stand—
With the bright wand, tipped with silver,
  Gleaming in her small white hand,

And a wreath of water lilies
  Glittering on her peerless brow—
On the calm lake's flowery margin
  Heard her breathe anew her vow,

As her mystic invocation
  Summoned yearly to her side
That resplendent water spirit,
  Who had won her for his bride!

Until six May-Eves had ended,
  And the seventh was coming now;
And the broken-hearted Una
  Wove, to deck her lady's brow,

Wreaths of spotless water lilies,
With their crests of shining gold—
Wreaths to gleam on zone and bosom,
In her white robe's every fold.

And the maiden's sad tears mingled
With the sparkling dew that lay
On the lilies' stainless petals,
As the bright hours sped away.

And the aged chief, unconscious
Of his fast approaching woe,
Smiled to see his worshipped daughter
Every day more lovely grow.

And the conscience-smitten Una
More than once had vainly tried—
Tried with tears—to warn the chieftain,
But the quivering accents died

On her lips, in broken murmurs,
Ever as she tried to tell;
For the water king had bound her
In a strong and powerful spell.

And a shadow ever deepened
On the brow of Lady Clare,
When her wistful glances rested
On the chieftain's silvery hair;

For a deep, remorseful sorrow
Filled her heart with bitterest pain,
As she thought upon his anguish,
When his eyes should seek in vain

For the loved form of his daughter,
In each "old familiar spot,"
And her bright face paled and saddened,
But her purpose wavered not.

FOURTH PART.

"April's last bright day is closing,
And the moon shines sweet and fair;
Go and seek thy couch, dear Una,
Sleep in peace," said Lady Clare.

"I alone, by yon lake's margin,
Standing 'neath the moon's soft light,
Shall behold my future mirrored
In the silvery waves to-night.

"And if rosy daylight, flushing
Hill, and vale, and distant shore,
Finds me absent, seek not for me,
Thou shalt see my face no more.

"Then my lonely, aged father
Must become thy tenderest care,
Thou must be a daughter to him,
For my sake," said Lady Clare.

Noiselessly along the valley
Swift she glided as the wind,
And the weeping Una followed
Swift and silently behind,

Saw her stand upon the margin,
Wave her light wand o'er the lake,
Heard the words of invocation
All the slumbering echoes wake.

And, in answer to her summons,
Came the king, alone no more,
For the glittering train that followed
Thronged the lake from shore to shore.

From the still lake's bosom springing,
Light, on prancing steeds, they rode,
And the wondrous light around them
O'er the sparkling waters glowed—

Fell with bright, bewildering splendour
On the face of Lady Clare,
On the snow-white water lilies
Nestling in her shining hair—

Dowered her with a wild, wierd beauty,
New and strange, yet lovelier far,
Shadowy as a mystic's vision,
Yet resplendent as a star.

O'er the blue lake's silvery bosom
Thrice the glittering pageant rode,
And the gem-bespangled trappings
In the moonlight burned and glowed:

Ruby, amethyst, and emerald,
Shimmering pearl, and gleaming gold,
Amber, blent with crystal, mingled
In each sunset tinted fold,

Opal, topaz, rose-hued coral,
Sapphires blue as summer skies,
Till the bright, unearthly lustre
Dazzled Una's watching eyes ;

Then she raised her tear-dimmed eyelids
To behold, with dumb despair,
That the gorgeous train were pausing
Close beside the Lady Clare,

While across the moonlit valley,
Softly on the midnight, stole
Strains of such surpassing sweetness,
That they thrilled the listener's soul.

In his jewelled stirrups rising,
With his arms extended wide,
Cried the radiant water monarch,
"I have come to claim my bride.

"Come, then, loveliest of earth's daughters—
Earthly home and friends forsake—
Come, and dwell in bliss for ever
In my palace, 'neath this lake ;

"Come to love and joy supernal
Never known to mortal race;"
And the Lady Clare, for answer,
Sprang into his fond embrace.

Then a loud triumphant chorus
O'er the hills and valleys rolled,
And the broad lake glowed and glistened
Like a sea of molten gold,

As beneath the glittering waters,
Never more to come again,
Sank the wondrous, dream-like pageant,
Water monarch and his train.

Close against his heart enfolded
Lay the form of Lady Clare,
And the broken-hearted Una,
Spell-bound, stood in mute despair,

Till the sparkling ice-cold waters
Hid her lady from her sight,
And the lake lay still and placid
In May morning's tranquil light.

AFTER THE REVEL.

YES, I have seen her; fair, and tall, and queenly:
To-night I met them standing side by side;
A short quick glance, a hurried introduction—
"Helen—my friend, Miss Hill; Louise—my bride."

His friend, "Miss Hill;" how strange the sentence sounded?
Oh, gentle mother! watching from above
Thy poor forsaken child, tell me if ever
True friendship springs from out a buried love?

A buried love! ah, though 'tis gone for ever,
Not yet my dead is buried from my sight,
Else why, with thy sweet pictured face, my mother,
Hold I this sad communing in the night?

Why hurry from the brilliant, heartless revel,
The glad dance music ringing in my ears,
To the seclusion of my quiet chamber,
Thy calm eye's silent sympathy and tears.

Even as I came, in all my childish sorrows,
To weep away my griefs in days of old
Upon thy gentle breast, ere death had darkened
Thy sweet eye's lustre, or thy smile grown cold.

How beautiful she is in form and feature,
With deep cool eyes, and hair of paley gold,
Fair, calm, and placid as a marble Juno,
And looks, I fancy, every whit as cold.

I marked the jewels on her neck and bosom,
Huge drops of light, confined by threads of gold,
And was it, was it for such glittering baubles
His faith, his manhood, and his truth were sold?

Though round my heart the life blood froze and faltered,
And chilled me, even to the finger tips,
The colour on my cheek remained unaltered,
The smile ne'er died upon my ice cold lips.

And yet thou knowest he loved me once, sweet mother—
I read it in his eyes, his touch, his voice,
Though it has passed, and he has wed another,
Yet, yet I was his young heart's earliest choice.

The book upon whose page my hand had lingered,
The simplest rose that wreathed my dark brown hair,
Were dearer once than those bright gems now sparkling
Amid the lustre of her tresses fair.

My songs; but hush! what boots this idle wailing?
Hence, false, false love, I tear thee from my heart!
My dream is dreamt, regrets are unavailing,
Our paths in life lie henceforth far apart.

I grudge her not her sheeny icy splendour,
The jewels glittering on her cold white breast;
What matter if the robe be silk or russet,
If but the heart it cover be at rest?

I grudge her not the semblance of affection,
The fickle love her wealth had power to buy,
My lonely heart, though chilled by his defection,
Is happier even in its agony

Than his shall be, when vengeful time has taught him
The bitter truth, how hard it is to dwell
With an unsympathizing, loveless woman,
His warm heart throbbing 'gainst an icicle.

WHAT SHE SAW IN THE FIRE.

OH, what dost thou see in the fire, Aunt Clare,
That with such earnest gaze
You peer in its depths, while your changing cheek
Reddens and pales in its blaze?
I've watched you now for an hour and more,
And you never once have stirred;
And I've spoken your name, again and again,
And you do not answer a word.

I see a happy home, Alice,
Humbler, 'tis true, than this,
Yet the home of sweet unruffled peace,
Of calm domestic bliss;
And I see a tall and manly form,
A noble face, though pale,
And the loving light of soft hazel eyes,
Whose truth could never fail.

Thou art so winning and young, Aunt Clare,
That it seems a marvel to me,
(For thy form and face are lovelier far
Than mine can ever be,)

That I, a giddy and thoughtless girl,
Should, 'ere the year be done,
Be a happy bride, while a priceless pearl
Like thee should remain unwon!

And I've often wished, oh! so much, to hear
The tale of your happier days;
Then, oh! I beseech thee, sweet Aunt, declare
What else dost thou see in the blaze?
And yet, if my heedless words should wake
Some grief which now sleeps in your breast,
Or recall one pang to your gentle heart,
Forgive and forget my request;

For methinks there's a look of patient pain,
Even now, on thy brow so white,
And a far away look in your deep blue eyes
That I've never seen till to-night.
Oh, Alice! well may the fickle flame
Sad lines o'er my features cast,
For I read in the light of the fire to-night
A sad, sad tale of the past.

Ten years ago to-night, Alice,
In that home so far away,

Gazing with dreamy eyes in the fire,
Sat a maiden young and gay—
A bright-faced, happy, laughing girl,
Arrayed in satin and pearls,
And a bridal wreath and flowing veil
Confined her soft brown curls ;

And the sounds of unwonted revelry
Were heard in that quiet home,
As she waited the summons to join her guests
When the chosen one should come;
And she gave no heed to the lapse of time,
As she read in the cheerful blaze
Fair pictured scenes of a distant home
In the coming happy days.

She heard the joyous sounds from beneath,
Where the wedding guests did wait,
But never heard their wondering words
Why the bridegroom stayed so late!
Till, with headlong speed, a riderless steed
Dashed wildly up to the door,
And they saw, with dismay, that his dangling rein
Was broken, and stained with gore.

And from lip to lip the word went forth—
"O, tell it not to the bride!"
But she glided in, like a spectre pale,
And stood by her father's side:
And her hands were clenched, in speechless woe,
And the life blood fled her cheek,
As the shuddering guests in haste went forth
Her missing love to seek,
And found him, stretched on the forest path,
Silent, and cold, and pale,
And a glance at the bleeding and senseless form
Too plainly told the tale.

* * * * * * *

In gleaming satin and pearls, Alice,
I knelt all night by his side,
And kissed the dew from his dying brow:
For I was that hapless bride!
And my darling's blood stained my bridal robe,
As his head on my bosom lay,
And when morning dawned, with one smile of love
He passed for ever away.

Then the light of my life went out, with one
  "Exceeding bitter cry,"
And ten long years have not yet effaced
  That moment of agony.

* * * * * * *

'Twas one long blank at first, Alice,
  And then I woke again
To a deep sense of all my loss,
  My bitter aching pain.

Oh, those weary, dreary, desolate days!
  Oh, those nights of black despair!
If it blanch your cheek to hear of it now,
  What must it have been to bear?
Nay; never grieve that your words have waked
  This slumbering grief again:
Dearest, these wayward hearts of ours
  Are purified by pain,

So closely cling their fibres round
  Objects of earthly love,

Only a cruel wrench can make
Their tendrils turn above;
But the path is rough that the watchful care
Of a father may not smoothe,
And the sorrow deep that the tireless love
Of a mother may not soothe:

And these, thank God, were mine, dear,
In all my deep despair;
And He who sent the blow, Alice,
Sent also strength to bear;
And I learned at last to bless the hand
Which laid my idol low,
For my eyes first ope'd to the light of Heaven
In the night of my earthly woe.

As a miser treasures his gold, Alice,
Through all those wearisome years
I have kept that robe, with its cruel stains,
Faded and dimmed by tears;
And I shall wear it yet once again,
When they lay me down by his side
In the old churchyard of that far away church,
Where I thought to kneel as his bride.

And still, as I gaze in the fire to-night,
My darling's face appears,
And the gentle voice, now hushed so long,
Keeps murmuring in my ears,
That when the glad earth smiles again,
In the joy of the summer days,
I shall roam through fadeless fields with him
Whose form I now see in the blaze.

THE BELL OF ATRI.

"HARK! 'tis the loud accusing tones
Of Atri's blessed bell;
Though now for countless years unheard,
I know the sound full well."

So spake the generous grey-haired king,
"'Tis not the time to rest,
While there is yet some deed of wrong
Which needs to be redressed.

"When first our father filled the throne
With firm, unsparing hand,
From fierce oppression's iron grasp
He sought to purge the land.

"The high-born knight, the lowly serf,
Alike his justice felt—
Alike secure from force and fraud
The peer and peasant dwelt;

"And high, within the market place,
He hung that blessed bell,
That all who 'neath injustice pined
By its deep tongue should tell

"The tale of suffering, or of wrong,
Its swift redress demand,
Till at its sound oppression fled
For ever from the land!

"At first, for many a month and year,"
Went on the good old king,
"The bell's accusing voice became
A 'loved, familiar thing;'

"Till, as the years rolled slowly on,
Injustice ceased at last,
And then 'the grand old bell became
A memory of the past.'

"And men have passed to middle age,
And never heard its tone,
And o'er it, in the old grey tower,
Have moss and ivy grown.

"Now, in this solemn midnight hour,
When all these years have flown,
Once more its iron tongue speaks out
In fierce, accusing tone.

"Hark! hark! across the silent streets
Its echoes ring again;
'Whoe'er the suppliant be, by Heaven,
He shall not plead in vain!'"

They gathered round the grey-haired king,
His courtiers, roused from sleep,
While still the bell's accusing tones
Kept echoing loud and deep.

And hurrying to the market place,
With eager feet they ran,
When, lo! a ringing peal of mirth
Broke from the foremost man.

A poor, old, useless, worn-out steed,
Half-starved, and gaunt, and thin,
Whose starting bones seemed fit to pierce
The rough untended skin.

His ruthless master lived hard by,
A churlish, cruel knight,
Whom oft the faithful charger bore
Through many a hard fought fight.

But now, no longer fit to toil,
His thankless lord had cast
The poor, old, helpless war-horse forth,
To starve and die at last;

And wandering, in the quest of food,
Around the gray old tower,
Caught gladly at each soft green weed,
Fresh leaf, and luscious flower,

And, reaching to the ivy wreaths,
Which round the belfry hung,
He grasped the wire, and echoing peals
Forth on the midnight rung.

The monarch smiled, then o'er his face
There passed a deeper shade—
"Methinks injustice worse than this
Ne'er called for monarch's aid.

"O, shame upon the ungrateful knight,
To wrong the faithful steed,
Who oft, we know, by 'flood and field,'
Served him in direst need!

"Hark! still the bell's accusing voice
Demands redress again,
And I have pledged my kingly word
He should not plead in vain.

"Here, gently to our Royal stalls
The worn-out charger bear,
And while he lives, to him be given
Food, warmth, and tenderest care:

"And he, the churlish, thankless knight
All cost shall surely bear,
Nor man nor beast shall suffer wrong
Who dwells beneath our care."

All honour to the grand old bell
Within its ivied tower!
It needed never more to speak
In Atri from that hour.

In Memoriam.

DEATH OF THE PRINCESS ALICE.

THERE is mourning, bitter mourning, in palace and in hall,
And the sudden cloud of anguish wraps the nation like a pall,
And deep wails of woe come mingling with the blessed Christmas bells,
And Bethlehem's sacred music blent with sad funereal knells.

There is mourning, bitter mourning, in Windsor's
Regal tower,
Where a weeping mother, desolate, bewails her
blighted bower;
Her gentle heart, still bleeding, must needs be
pierced again,
And her people's hearts bleed with her, to look upon
her pain.

There is mourning, bitter mourning, in castle, hut,
and hall,
For our spotless English lily was reverenced by all,—
Of all the cherished blossoms which bedecked our
royal tree,
Oh, ever purest, sweetest, and best beloved was she!

Woe! woe! these dark December days; what misery
they bring!
What oft recurring deadly blight o'er our royal
hearth they fling,
Recalling now, with twofold force, that sad, sad day
long fled,
When, crushed, our Royal Lady sat beside her "holy"
dead.

And she, whose loss we mourn to-day, her own keen
woe forgot
To soothe, with more than daughter's love, her
widowed mother's lot,
And the gentle voice, now silent, stilled her sorrow
like a spell,
'Till peace and resignation on the wounded spirit fell.

There is mourning, bitter mourning, in her Conti-
nental home,
Where to her orphans never more her angel form
may come,
And the sweet and gracious presence, which ever
seemed to cast
A benison around her, from loving eyes has passed.

O matron, pure and spotless! O princess, good and
mild!
A Queen in dignity and worth, in gentleness a child.
O true and tender daughter! O fond and faithful
wife!
Too soon, too soon, has ended thy most sweet, most
lovely life.

Sweet princess! Britain weeps for thee; but thou art tearless now,
And earthly grief shall dim no more the radiance of thy brow;
The echo of the nation's wail vibrates from shore to to shore,
But thine is melody, and joy, and bliss, for evermore.

In Memoriam.

DEATH OF THE PRINCE IMPERIAL OF FRANCE.

"Woe is me! naught now remains to us in the hero's stead but lamentation and tears, pouring out of tears, weeping and lamentation hereafter to us, and breaking of hearts."

"Alas, O death! thou hast laid low for her the blossom and beauty of our highest branch—not satisfied with thy conquest till the head of the race sank into the grave."

"She is a mother oppressed with grief, descending swiftly to her spouse in the grave, the father of her child and her first love. Alas! anguish is her lot."

"Old Irish Dirge."

ALAS! alas! the sky is dark with woe,
The sound of weeping thrills the startled air,
And Britain's heart throughout its mighty depths
Is stirred with horror. Surely tale more sad
Was never wafted o'er the solemn sea!

The child of France, the brave adventurous boy,
The bold young eaglet from his own high nest
An exiled wanderer, couched in England's arms,
Sheltered and nurtured on her fostering breast,
In the bright morning of his fair young life
By savage Zulu's hand struck down to death.

Alas! alas! well mayest thou, England, weep,—
Full many a precious life was given for thee;
Full many a draught of noblest blood outpoured
In costly, rich libation on thy shrine—
But never yet was costlier offering given:
Oh, dear bought fight! oh, precious, priceless draught!
Oh, light of France! her morning star of hope—
Why was thy brightness quenched so soon in tears?

God comfort her who mourns at Chislehurst
In lonely anguish, smitten to the soul!
The tender mother heart, at one rude blow
Laid desolate and bleeding—every hope
Ruined and shattered, quenched in black despair:
All earthly joy, with one swift lightning stroke,
Swept from her blighted path for evermore.
Alas! for her earth held no loftier place

Than that she filled a few short years agone,
When—crowned with power, and dazzling as a star,
Her pure sweet beauty Europe's theme and boast—
She breathed an atmosphere of light and love:
Earth's mightiest Kings, enraptured, on her words
Hung with delight, and vied to win her smiles;
And all the flower and chivalry of France
Were clustered round her; splendour, pomp and state,
Wealth, prestige, all that mortals prize was hers:
Until it seemed as though she sat enthroned
Beyond the reach of mortal care or woe,
Her life one long, unclouded "splendid dream."

Then flickering shadows gathered round her sky,
Mist-like at first, and faint, but day by day
Gathering more form and colour, till they lowered
In lurid thunder-clouds above her head,
Foreshadowing that dread hurricane which burst
In midnight hopeless gloom at dark Sedan,
(Whose withering blackness shadowed sunny France,)
Bending to earth the towering, stately oak,
Upon whose strength the bright, sweet flower had leant,
And cast her forth, with tendrils crushed and rent,
Bereft of home, of fortune, fame, and love.—

Yet, 'mid the darkness of her exiled lot,
Gleamed one fair star, with ever bright'ning ray;
Of all the bright and cherished jewels lost
One precious gem yet shone upon her heart;
One fair young tree, with ever widening shade,
Cast its cool shelter o'er her desert way:
And 'mid the ruins of her blighted bowers
One joyous song-bird warbled hope's bright lays.
And clasping closer to her aching heart
Her one remaining joy, she meekly bent
Her graceful head to meet the storms of fate;
And lifting silently her pond'rous cross,
(Such cross to feeble mortals seldom given,)
Beneath whose weight her fragile shoulders bent,
In calm, sweet patience took her weary way,
Serene and lovely as a summer's eve.
Alas, for her! the sound of strife was heard
Throughout the land, and floating o'er the sea
Came the dread din of battle; and the youth,
With all the slumbering warrior blood that coursed
Within his veins, enkindled at the sound,
Rushed to the fray. Alas! for love, for hope!
Alas! for her, heart-broken and alone,
Her song-bird's note is hushed for evermore;

Her star is set in blood, her jewel lost,
Her fair young tree lies prostrate on the ground.

Oh, France! hast thou no tears to shed to-day
For him whose birth once in thy mighty heart
Woke deepest rapture and tumultuous joy;
Whose infancy was cradled on thy heart—
Thy pride, thy hope, thy petted darling once—
The "Babe of France," heir of that mighty name
Whose sound once thrilled and swayed thee like a spell?
Chivalrous France, no sighs to blend with hers—
That lonely lady weeping out her heart
In hopeless anguish, exiled and alone?
Oh, God of pity, on that stricken soul
Be pleased to breathe the benison of peace,
And gently pour upon that broken heart
The healing balm Thy hand alone can give!

Alas! alas! long shall our England tell
With bated breath, and pity-moistened eyes,
The sad, sad story of the "Child of France!"
The generous, brave young Prince who died for her!

In Memoriam.

REV. RICHARD SMYTH, D.D., M.P.,

WHO DIED 4TH DECEMBER, 1878.

HIST! a deep hush has fallen upon the land;
The cries of party, and the strife of tongues,
Are stilled awhile, to solemn silence awed—
A silence universal, deep, profound,
And only broken by the low deep wail,
The sobbing cry, which bursts from North to South,
Gathering intenser volume as it rolls
O'er Foyla's shores and Antrim's rock-bound coast.
Sad Erin's dirge above her gifted son,
Snatched from her sight, while life's meridian glow
Lit up his eyes, and fired his thoughtful brow,
And a bright future stretched before his view.

See, to the old familiar scenes of youth,
Like the tired babe who seeks his mother's breast,
They bear the frail form, wearied, from the strife,
To sleep in peace beneath his native sod.

As to yon quiet graveyard, sadly borne,
To lay him with his kindred dust, the bier
Moves sadly on, the still increasing host
In thousands gather—every class and creed—
To pay sad tribute to his honoured clay:
And there are many in that mourning throng
With whom he oft has battled hand to hand
In daily strife, in senate, and in school,
An honest combat, waged on either side
With manly warfare, as true men should fight,
Who petty feuds and party strifes forgot,
(For generous souls can mourn a generous foe)!—
These petty cabals and sectarian cries,
What empty jarring discords now they seem,
How puerile, insignificant, and mean
Before the silent majesty of death,—
Come but to weep an honoured brother lost,
Snatched in the zenith of his fame from earth
To brighter glory and unfading bliss.

Then lay him gently in his honoured grave
With those he loved in life, and softly place,
With reverent hands, upon his coffin lid
The white wreath, spotless as his stainless life;

Then, ere you leave him to his dreamless sleep,
  Pronounce this eulogy above his grave:—
An Irishman, who sought his country's weal;
  A Christian, walking humbly with his God;
A pastor, faithful to his sacred trust;
  A scholar, eloquent with tongue and pen;
A genial friend; a frank and generous foe;
  A great good man, who served and loved his kind;—
But all too early snatched away from earth,—
  Rests 'neath this clay, in sure and certain hope
To rise with glory on the resurrection morn.



In Memoriam.

FALLEN LEAVES.

On the Death of William Wilson, Esq., M.P.

"The souls of the righteous are in the hands of God. In the sight of the unwise they seemed to die, but they are in peace."—*Wisdom of the Son of Sirach.*

"An honest man's the noblest work of God."

THERE is a sound of sighing in the air,
A stifled wail blent with the fitful wind,
As silently, in showers, the sear leaves fall,
And lie in heaps beneath the spectral trees;
And ever and anon among the shower,
The golden tinted, crimsoned, mellowed heap,
Some fresh green leaf drops silently to earth,
And saddened Nature seems to weep their fate;
For oh, 'tis well that withered leaves should die—
Their work is done, their time of beauty o'er—
Well that the reaper's hand cut down the sheaves
To whiteness ripened; that the woodman's stroke
Lay prone to earth the rent and tottering oak.

But why, oh why should the yet ripening fruit
Be rudely gathered? Why the golden grain,
In its unwhitened clustering richness, strew
The cold brown earth? Why should the stately tree
Be in its strength uprooted? Why, oh why
Should the fresh, tender, lovely, green leaves fall?

Oh, why should lives, so lovely and so fair,
So true (like his whose loss we mourn to-day,)
In unobtrusive rectitude so grand,
So noble in their unassuming worth,
Their gentle goodness—lives that make earth seem
The lovelier for their presence—pass so soon?
Oh, genial heart, oh, open, generous hand,
To whom the suffering never sued in vain,
Sad hearts are aching with their need of thee.
Tyrconnel mourns thee!—Who shall fill thy place
In court and senate, faithful, tried, and true?
Thy children need thee; who shall still the wail
That rises in thy doubly orphaned home?
The struggling need thee; when did sorrow turn
Unaided or uncounselled from thy side?
Humanity has lost a friend in thee.
Why, in the noontide of thy life and fame,

Has thy sun set in sadness? Why, oh why
Was thy pure, honest, useful life struck down?

Yet wherefore should we wail thee? Thou hast passed,
In manhood's prime, from toil to endless rest;
Hast left a stainless, honoured name behind.
He cannot err Who from life's weary war
Has led thy feet to heaven's eternal peace;
He'll guard thy treasures with His tenderest care.
His servants' souls are in His mighty hand;
They seem to die—"He brings them but to peace."
'Tis His alone man's term of life to mete,
The lights and shades which chequer mortal lot;
'Tis ours in meek submission low to bow,
Whether the leaves He cull be green or sear.

In Memoriam.

ON THE DEATH OF A BEAUTIFUL CHILD.

YE brought her, eight short years ago,
Upon her baby brow
The Christian's sacred sign to trace,
In token of thy vow,
That this fair jewel of thy love
Should be thy Lord's alone—
And shalt thou faithless murmur, now
That He has claimed His own?

'Tis true, thine was a precious gem,
A lovely opening flower;
But was it aught too fair to bloom
In God's own fadeless bower?
'Tis true, she was thy soul's chief joy,
Thy pleasure and thy pride,
And that the sunshine of thy home
Went with her when she died.

But would'st thou bring a worthless thing,
When God's all-wise decree,
In token of thy fealty, claims
A precious gift from thee.
Nay; though thine anguished heart be rent,
Thine eyes with weeping dim,
Wilt thou not bring thy dearest, best,
An offering to Him?

And blessèd shall thine offering be;
For He who sent thy cross
Shall give thee strength its weight to bear,
Sweet comfort for thy loss,
And it may be, in after years
Ye shall look back, and say,
"We bless the loving shepherd's care
That snatched our lamb away,

Before the scathing touch of sin
Her gentle soul could soil;
Ere yet her glad young heart had known
Earth's sorrow, pain, and toil."

Safe sheltered in the heavenly fold,
  Secure from every storm,
Within her Saviour's loving arms
  Reclines her radiant form.

Her voice now swells the seraph's hymn,
  Her childish hand now bears
A golden harp, her shy, sweet face
  Celestial beauty wears.
The feet that tired so soon of earth
  Heaven's starry pavements tread,
And glorious is the crown which rests
  Upon her bright, young head;

And earth-born tears shall never mar
  The light of those meek eyes,
Which, lovelier than the "morning star,"
  Now shine in Paradise.
Oh, cold and selfish were the love
  (Though heaven should grant the power)
That dared to call her back to earth,
  Even for one single hour.

JEANIE.

OH! little pattering footsteps,
How we miss thee on the floor,
How we miss the arch and gleeful face
Peeping round the open door?
The soft infantile music,
Like sweet but broken chords,
Of thy ceaseless, lisping prattle,
With its quaint but childish words.

Oh little waxen fingers,
With their close, endearing grasp;
Oh softly moulded, twining arms,
How much we miss thy clasp?
Oh golden head, pressed lovingly
'Gainst cheek, and breast, and knee;
Oh little clinging, fragile form,
What love we've lost in thee.

Oh little blighted blossom,
'Twas hard to hide thy bloom,
With all its opening sweetness,
Within the dark cold tomb;—

Our little loving, snow-white dove
To death's cold charge resign.
Oh darling! grief and woe are ours,
But all the gain is thine.

For now the little pattering feet
On thorns can never tread,
No stroke of earthly sorrow fall
Upon thy golden head,
But spotless, sinless, evermore
Our folded lamb shall rest,—
All suffering, pain, and weakness o'er,—
On Jesus gentle breast.

LILIAN MAY.

IN the sweet time, when the birds are gay,
I met, and loved, sweet Lilian May,
A winsome maid, whose soul-lit eyes
Were blue and bright as the summer skies;
And my step was light, and my heart was gay,
For I lived in the love of my Lilian May.

Oh, fair and pure are the mountain snows;
Oh, bright the tints of the wild blush rose;
Soft the ripe peach's sunny bloom,
And sweet the mignionette's perfume;
But softer, purer, brighter than they,
And sweeter by far, was my Lilian May.

But the snows, alas! in the sun's fierce ray,
From the mountain's breast soon melt away;
The tint of the wild blush rose must fade,
And the ripe peach fall, too soon decayed,
And the perfume of mignionette pass away,
A transient joy, like my Lilian May.

Alas! when next the Spring-time came,
On a marble slab we inscribed her name,
And daisies, clustering o'er her breast,
Now wrap the form which I loved the best;
And I wearily wait and watch for the day
When in heaven I shall meet with my Lilian May.

HYMN.

NO costly alabaster box,
With odorous spikenard filled,
Upon that meek and sacred head,
In loving offering spilled,
Is mine to bring Thee, Gracious Lord!
With adoration meet;
But I, with penitential tears,
May wash my Saviour's feet.

It is not mine, dear Lord, to stand
Where wealthy ones draw nigh
To pour rich gifts, with liberal hand,
Into His treasury;
Yet may I bring my simple mite,
With reverent, willing mind,
Which, in a loving Master's sight,
Shall glad acceptance find:

Not mine to join the pageant grand
Upon that glorious day,
When palms and scattered robes were strewn
In Thy triumphal way—

To mingle with the exultant throng,
And swell the glad acclaim;
But I can echo back the song,
Hosanna to Thy name!

Not mine with Thee to sit at meat,
At lordly ruler's feast,
Nor, like the loved disciple, lean
Reclined upon Thy breast;
But I may suffer for Thy sake,
And never count it loss,
And stand where weeping Mary stood,
Beside Thee at the cross.

Not mine the frankincense and myrrh,
The gifts and gold men prize,
But Thou hast said "the contrite soul"
Is precious in thine eyes.
Low kneeling at Thy sacred feet,
My Saviour and my King,
In lowly love and reverence meet,
Accept the gifts I bring.

VIA CRUCIS, VIA LUCIS.

A MOTTO strange, and unfamiliar quite,
The Epigraph which heads a quaint old hymn,
Yet kept it ever echoing through my soul;
For ah! my path was dark, my pale lamp dim,
Via Crucis, Via Lucis.

Its needs, alas! in slumberous ease forgot---
Too seldom trimmed, with oil but ill supplied,
And night was gathering o'er that rugged road,
And yawning pitfalls gaped on either side,
Via Crucis, Via Lucis.

And fast increasing darkness lay before,
Yet might I linger not, nor backward turn,
And steeper grew, at every step, my way,
And soon my feeble lamp must cease to burn,
Via Crucis, Via Lucis.

And burdened down with glittering, worthless toys,
A tinselled heap my heart had prized as gold,
I trod, with soiled and weary bleeding feet,
Through deep vast chasms, noisome, grim, and cold,
Via Crucis, Via Lucis.

And dimly saw, through sorrow-blinded eyes,
While denser grew the air at every breath,
A damp, cold charnel-house, where buried hopes
In stony sepulchres lay crushed to death,
Via Crucis, Via Lucis.

Where love's bright rosebuds, culled in rosier youth,
Like soft-couched doves, to nestle on my breast,
Drooped on their stems, and fell off leaf by leaf,
Leaving sharp thorns to rankle in their nest,
Via Crucis, Via Lucis.

And other flowers, earth's loveliest once and best,
No longer odorous, beautiful and fair,
Lay faded now, in shrivelled, festering heaps,
Breathing foul vapours on the sickening air,
Via Crucis, Via Lucis.

And there were fearful sounds, yet through the din,
The maddening chaos of distress and pain,
Like angels' notes in softest whispers breathed,
Stole o'er my soul the solemn sweet refrain,
Via Crucis, Via Lucis.

But while with aching brow and aching heart
I took my ever-narrowing, tortuous way,
The feeble flame my trembling fingers grasped
Flickered, and leaped, with life's expiring ray,
Via Crucis, Via Lucis.

Then sighed my spirit, in her voiceless woe,
Oh! for some ray to pierce this midnight gloom,
In trumpet tones the thrilling answer rang,
As from the unbroken silence of a tomb,
Via Crucis, Via Lucis.

Then was my dying lamp re-kindled, and I turned
To see from whence its flickering flame was fed,
And trembling, marked with loving, awed surprise
A halo streaming from a thorn-crowned head,
Via Crucis, Via Lucis.

Beheld a form, with bleeding hands and feet,
Stretched pale and suffering on a cruel tree,
And blushed to own my puny earth-born griefs,
When Christ had borne such agony for me,
Via Crucis, Via Lucis.

And learned how true that solemn, sweet refrain,
  Beneath His cross, whose shadow—wondrous sight!—
Lay on my path, and where that shadow fell
  The darkest way grew luminous with light,
    Via Crucis, Via Lucis.

TEMPTATIONS.

"Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil."

THEY come to us in loveliest guise,
  Our daily course along;
They cluster, smiling, in our path,
  'Mid music, dance, and song.
They greet us in the silvery tones
  Of friendship and of love—
By every soft enchantment seek
  To lure us from above.

At times with keenest, subtlest skill
  Some cherished form they take,
Some voice whose softest tone has power
  The inmost soul to wake.

And, oh! how deadly is the aim,
When hands, whose lightest clasp
Responsive wake our rapturous thrill,
The fatal arrow's grasp.

Oh! if they came with frowning brows,
And stern unloving eyes,
Nor veiled their dark repulsive forms
Beneath such fair disguise,
'Twere easy then to turn aside,
And seek a safer road,
As every fierce temptation tried
To drive us from our God.

But oh! when treacherous snares lie wrapped
Around, with sweetest flowers,
And scathing fires lurk in the eyes
That make the light of ours;
And when the deadliest foe of all
Beats in our own weak breast,
Our traitor heart, where shall we turn
For succour and for rest?

To Thee, O Father! Thou, whose hand
These erring hearts has made,
And all their wavering weakness know,
We come to Thee for aid
From each alluring form of sin,
For strength to turn aside,
For eyes to see the deadly thorns
That 'neath the flowerets hide.

Oh! ever let Thy pitying care
In dark temptation's hour
Be round our path, to mark each snare,
And shield us from its power;
From evil still deliver us,
Till, all temptation past,
By Thine own loving guidance led,
We reach our home at last.

FOR CHRISTMAS DAY.

HARK! upon the solemn midnight
Bursts the glad triumphal cry,
"Peace on earth, good will from heaven,"
"Glory be to God on high."

Hark! from myriad angel voices,
Echoing loud from hill to plain—
Hear ye not how earth rejoices?
Come and swell the glorious strain.

With their costliest offerings laden,
From the glowing East afar,
See the wondering Magi hasten,
Guided by yon glorious star.

Let us follow as they enter
Yonder stable's lowly stall,
Where, in "manger, meanly cradled,"
Lies the King and Lord of all.

While the adoring Magi, bending
To His feet, their treasures bring,
What shall we, who kneel beside them,
Offer to our lowly King?

Ours is not the "gold of Ophir,"
Incense from the Orient brought,
Fragrant myrrh, and priceless jewel
By the cunning craftsman wrought;

But the incense of our praises
Round His manger-bed shall rise,
And the heart's unfeigned devotion
Be more precious in His eyes.

Sweeter far His people's anthem,
"Glory to the new-born King,"
Than the loftiest strains of praises
That the herald angels sing.

FOR PALM SUNDAY.

ALL glory to the Mighty King,
Who meek and lowly came.
Hark! how the exulting people sing
"Hosanna to His Name!"

In reverence meet their costliest robes
Beneath His feet they lay,
And scatter boughs of living green
In His triumphal way.

Hark to the solemn, glad refrain
That thrills the listening sky;
"Who cometh in the Lord's great name"
The adoring hosts reply.

Shall we not haste to join the throng,
Our coming Lord to meet,
And gladly lay our costliest things
Before His kingly feet?

The garments of our earthly pride,
With many a deep dark stain;
The fresh green boughs of budding hopes,
Nurtured with cares and pain.

The love of wayward, wavering hearts,
Strengthen their weakness Thou;
Strong branches of our stubborn wills
To cast before Thee now.

Too happy, if Thy sacred feet
Upon our treasures press;
If those meek eyes our presence greet,
Our humble offerings bless;

If 'mid that glad exulting throng,
That grand acclaim who sing,
Thou hearest our weak notes swell the song,
"Hosanna to our King!"

FOR EASTER DAY.



YE who stood beside the cross
On which the dying Saviour bled,
And saw the crown of thorns entwined
Around the meek and suffering head,
And marked the cruel soldier's spear
Thurst deep into that sacred side
While foes stood round, with scoff and sneer
His mortal anguish to deride;

And turning, shuddering, from the sight,
As through His hands and feet were driven
The torturing nails, while gloom, like night,
O'erspread the angry face of heaven;
While earth, indignant, shook and quaked,
The murder of her Lord to see,
And from her breast her dead awaked
To view the awful tragedy!

O ye who heard the bitter cry,
From more than mortal anguish drawn,
When in His hour of agony
The light of even God's face seemed gone!

When tortured, mocked, and laughed to scorn,
Betrayed of man, forsook by heaven,
Insulted, pierced, and crowned with thorn,
The gall and bitter wormwood given.

The meek head bending low to earth,
The dying accents which forgave
His murderers with his latest breath,
The lifeless form, the close sealed grave.
Alas for thee! where now thy hope?
Where now the glorious star which led?
How now with foes and scorners cope?
Is not thy King, thy Prophet dead?

Nay! come and stand beside the tomb?
Behold, the stone is rolled away,
The grave is burst, the hour is come,
'Tis but the place where Jesus lay!
"The Lord is risen!" and death henceforth
For ever from his throne is hurled;
In glad acclaim go shout it forth,
Proclaim it to the listening world:

"The Lord is risen!" the grave no more
Shall hold His servants in its thrall;
Hell's gates are burst, sin's reign is o'er,
Our risen Lord has conquered all!
Loud let your hallelujahs swell,
For ever be His name adored—
Blest conqueror over death and hell,
Our Paschal Lamb, our risen Lord!



THE POET AND THE STAR.

A POET, in his lonely tower,
Sat watching night by night
The advent of a glorious star,
Which chained his ravished sight,

With all the deep, adoring love,
Half rapture and half woe,
The deathless and consuming fire
That souls like his can know.

And as he watched, from out his soul
Such bursts of rapture gushed;
To catch the wondrous melody
The spell-bound earth seemed hushed:

The warrior cast his sword aside,
The sick forgot their pains,
And beauty threw her sceptre down
To listen to his strains,

While fortune daily to his feet
Her choicest favours brought;
The "fickle goddess" oftenest smiles
On those who woo her not.

With fulsome plaudits, long and loud,
Men shouted forth his name,
And for his brow fair chaplets wove,
Whose tiniest bud meant fame.

Kings to his side, with lavish hands,
Their costliest offerings sent,
And evermore the people's praise
Went with him where he went.

Earth's sweetest flowerets in his path
Sent forth their sweet perfume;
He might have culled the loveliest there
To consecrate his home.

But no! the poet's raptured eyes
Turned evermore above—
The soul that soars to reach a star
Can own no meaner love.

And so he sat, and sang, till all
His fiery youth was gone,
While still in calm cold majesty
The radiant star swept on

'Mong sister planets, fair as she,
Unconscious of his gaze,
Unsconscious of the burning strains
He chanted to her praise;

And yet it seemed to her as though
Some "loved familiar thing"
Had faded from the earth beneath,
Some wild bird ceased to sing,

When from his lonely tower no more
The poet's worn, white face
Looked out upon the summer night
Her dazzling form to trace.

And then, the patient, loving heart
Had its reward at last,
When on his grave the worshipped star
A pitying radiance cast.

O poet! struggling evermore
With life-long deep unrest,
Though hopeless was the love you bore,
You were not all unblest.

Bright beatific vision thronged
Within your soul and brain,
Blent with such grand and holy thoughts
As sanctified the pain,

And from your aspirations high
Such lofty teachings sprang,
And such heroic deeds, that earth
Grew holier as you sang.

[illegible] ON HIS BIRTHDAY.

[illegible] Musidora's fortunate son,
[illegible]
[illegible] by a word to my side,
[illegible]
[illegible] with exquisite flowers,
[illegible]
[illegible] and bloom,
[illegible]

[illegible] than thine.
[illegible]
[illegible] glory enshrined
[illegible] thy name!
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] every glad year
[illegible]

But alas! for my wishes, the Genii are dead,
And the words of that wonderful spell,
So potent in bending the gnomes to our will,
No lips upon earth now can tell;
And there only remains, as my offering to thee,
This poor gift, and this short simple lay,
Which I close with the wish, dearest friend, may you see
Many happy returns of the day.

A BIRTHDAY GREETING.

THY birthday once again; and 'mong the throng
Who send their kindliest greeting unto thee,
And offer costly tributes of regard,
Say, is there room for humble friend like me

To breathe this benison upon thy path:
That Heaven would send thee, on this natal day,
Its own sweet peace upon thy brow and heart,
All pain and suffering swiftly take away.

FOR THE NEW YEAR

"And they feared as they entered into the cloud."

WHILE o'er the old year's dying pangs
More earnest-hearted watchers kept
Their loving vigils through the night,
It stole upon me while I slept—

A timid, pallid, fragile child,
Of shadowy form, and dewy-eyed,
Whose face with cloud-like folds was veiled,
And shrouded like an Eastern bride.

And as I gazed, in silent awe
I saw the mist-like form expand,
And marked a slowly opening scroll
Grasped closely in the baby hand,

While on my wondering ear, in tones
As musical as silver bell,
The accents of a child's sweet voice
In soft but thrilling accents fell;

"Borne in the infant Saviour's train
I come, the untried, new-born year,
A Father's gifts to thee I bring—
Dost thou not bid me welcome here?"

I answered, with a careless laugh,
(For recklessness oft springs from woe,)
"What canst thou bring to me but ill?
What care I whence you come or go?

"And if thy gifts are like to his
Who ends to-night his earthly race,
I'd rather close my weary eyes,
And never look upon thy face!

"Just so, with honeyed words he came,
A mocking, smiling, treacherous boy,
Who proffered precious gifts like thee,
But brought me tears instead of joy:

"Deep cruel wrong, injustice fierce,
Hopes blighted in their brightest bloom;
Cold treachery where I trusted most;
Life's sunshine quenched in midnight gloom."

The sweet voice took a sterner tone:
"And is it thine thy lot to choose?
Darest thou accept the good He gives—
The heavy cross God sends refuse?

"Thinkest thou He does not know its weight,
Will not supply the needful strength?
Though long the night of suffering seem,
Has He not portioned out its length?

"And what can be thy keenest pangs
To those which He for thee has borne?
The puny thorns which pierce thy flesh,
To those His sacred brows have worn?

"Canst thou not trust His tender care
To choose thy future lot in life?
Believe me, those who meekly bear
His cross must conquer in the strife.

"Then humbly take thy way with me:
His voice shall cheer thee in the dark,
And through the floods the Dove of Peace
Shall brood above thy storm-tossed ark.

"And though the 'bread of tears' be thine,
His love shall make the morsels sweet;
You can not err, if you pursue
The footprints of His blessèd feet."

He ceased. The silvery accents died.
I woke, but through my inmost soul
A rapturous feeling of repose,
A calm, sweet resignation stole;

Dispelled each hard rebellious thought,
And bade my anxious heart be still:
Content to take the "crown or cross,"
As it may be the Father's will.

PRIZE SONNET FOR NEW YEAR, 1871.*

TIME'S latest born, sweet babe of Royal birth,
Who comest smiling in the Yule King's train,
How shall we hail thee in a joyful strain?
How welcome thee, as is thy meed, with mirth,
When carnage sated revels on the earth,
When battle's din is heard on every gale,
And weeping wives and orphaned babes bewail
The loved forms absent from the Christmas hearth?
And yet a welcome warm and true be thine!
Our hopes, our hearts, our love, our tenderest cares
Are clustered round thee with our earnest prayers.
God's benison be on thy sway benign;
And oh! may He who is the Prince of Peace
Crown thy sweet youth, by bidding discord cease!

* During the "Franco-German" War.

WHAT SHALL THE NEW YEAR BRING?

WHAT shall the New Year bring?
What precious offerings fling
Before the heedless feet
Of those who idly wait
Beside the unopened gate,
His coming steps to greet?

Like to an Eastern slave,
Mute, passionless, and grave,
Close to our doors he stands;
While filmy, misty clouds
His shadowy form enshrouds—
Enshroud his laden hands—

And from a laughing throng
Bursts shout and joyous song,
As forth they rush to grasp
That unknown hand, whose touch,
Looked for and longed so much,
May sting them like the asp.

And some with tear-dimmed eyes,
And sad lips pale from sighs,
  Shrink from his touch with fear,
Unconscious that heaven's balm,
Their tortured souls to calm,
  Shall crown the glad New Year.

Some radiant in youth's bloom
Shall find the silent tomb,
  The gift he brings to them;
Some hopeless, racked with pain,
Shall feel health's rose again
  Their pale cheek's gem.

And none may guess or know
The depths of joy or woe
  That, hid from mortal sight,
Lies in that sealed scroll's fold
Those baby fingers hold—
  What anguish, what delight!

O Heaven's Eternal King,
What shall the New Year bring—
  What gift to mine and me?

Shall those veiled fingers toss
Aside our ponderous cross?
Or shall it heavier be?

Our Father and our Friend!
Whate'er Thy love may send,
Whether of cross or crown,
Help us with meek, bowed head
Humbly to take, nor dread
Ought but the Master's frown.

TO A FRIEND ON HER WEDDING DAY.

MY dearest Bella! on thy wedding morn,
When loving friends, with fond admiring eyes
Are clustered round thee, and from kindred hearts
True fervent prayers for thee to Heaven arise,

May not the accents of a faithful friend
Mingle with those that greet thine ear to-day?
May not the hand of one who loves thee well
Scatter one bud upon thy flowery way?

[illegible] A Poem [illegible] Her Wedding Day.

O, dearest Emily, would the power were mine
To make thy future lot sunny and fair:
Then my sweet eyes should never know one tear,
Thy gentle heart one pang of pain or care;

But calm as peaceful as a summer's day
To tranquil eve, thy life's bright noon should glide;
Each season bringing to the honoured wife
Her purer bliss than that which blessed the bride.

But ah! how vain such wish! dark clouds will come
To mar the brightness of life's sunniest hours;
Not even affection's watchful care can keep
Some thorns from springing in the rosiest bowers.

And carking care, and sorrow's saddening touch,
Which come to all to thee may some day come;
And disappointments cast their darkening shade
Across the sunshine of thy tranquil home.

But should they mar the brightness of thy lot,
May He, whose presence Cana's marriage blest,
Sit at thy board, and never cease to be
Thy kind consoler and thy constant guest!

O may His blessing rest on thee to-day,
As in His house thou breathest thy solemn vow,
And through thy life, to keep thee from all ill,
As sweet and gentle and as pure as now.

TO MY LADY'S PORTRAIT.

WRITTEN FOR A FRIEND.

YES, thou art ever near me,
I feel thy presence now,
As bright the firelight flashes
Upon thy pictured brow,
Lights up thine auburn tresses,
Thy fair and pensive face,
And thy beloved and queenly form
With all its girlish grace.

Yes, thou art ever near me,
Though but in pictured guise,
Though motionless the white lids droop
Above thine azure eyes;

O, dearest Bella! would the power were mine
To make thy future beautiful and fair;
Then thy sweet eyes should never know one tear,
Thy gentle brow one trace of pain or care;

But calm and peaceful as a summer's day
To tranquil eve, thy life's bright noon should glide;
Each season bringing to the honoured wife
But purer bliss than that which blessed the bride.

But ah! how vain such wish! dark clouds will come
To mar the brightness of life's sunniest hours;
Not even affection's watchful care can keep
Some thorns from springing in the rosiest bowers.

And carking care, and sorrow's saddening touch,
Which come to all, to thee may some day come;
And disappointments cast their darkening shade
Across the sunshine of thy tranquil home.

But should they mar the brightness of thy lot,
May He, whose presence Cana's marriage blest,
Sit at thy board, and never cease to be
Thy kind consoler and thy constant guest!

O may His blessing rest on thee to-day,
As in His house thou breathest thy solemn vow,
And through thy life, to keep thee from all ill,
As sweet and gentle and as pure as now.

TO MY LADY'S PORTRAIT.

WRITTEN FOR A FRIEND.

YES, thou art ever near me,
I feel thy presence now,
As bright the firelight flashes
Upon thy pictured brow,
Lights up thine auburn tresses,
Thy fair and pensive face,
And thy beloved and queenly form
With all its girlish grace.

Yes, thou art ever near me,
Though but in pictured guise,
Though motionless the white lids droop
Above thine azure eyes;

Yet through their silken fringe how well
My heart can catch their ray,
Beneath whose smiling light all clouds
In sunshine melt away.

When weary of the ceaseless toil,
The never ending strife,
The withered hopes, the faded flowers,
The daily thorns of life,
I come, as turns the weary child
To fondest mother's breast,
To this dear pictured face of thine
For comfort and for rest.

And when I meet thy gentle smile,
And in those blue eyes gaze,
'Neath mighty love's magician touch,
With life and fire they blaze;
These silent, ruby lips unclose,
Thy sweet voice seems to speak,
And radiant as the damask rose
The warm tints flood thy cheek.

Thus, darling, while from thee apart,
As misers prize their gold,
Than costliest gem, more precious far
Thy pictured form I hold,
A potent spell to cheer and bliss
In every hour of care,
Until thy dearer self shall come
My weal and woe to share.

A FAREWELL WISH.

OH, fare the well; but ere thy feet
Across the untried path have trod,
For thee, and for thy lasting weal,
Our earnest prayers ascend to God,

That He, whose loving, sleepless eye
Alone man's future lot can see,
May gently pluck each thorn aside,
And make life's pathway smooth for thee:

May keep thee in His tenderest care,
Unscathed, unharmed in danger's hour,

And more and more, as years increase,
Upon thine head His blessings shower;

Turn each envenomed shaft aside,
Make thee to dwell in joy and peace,
Until, with years and honours crowned,
Thy long and happy life shall cease!

God only knows if e'er again
Our eyes shall look upon thy face,
But ever in our hearts and prayers
Thy name shall hold a foremost place.

TO A FRIEND WITH A SMALL CROSS.

A TINY gift, and worthless quite,
Save for those nameless charms which lend
A value far beyond its cost
To simplest offering from a friend.

Then take the toy, and with it take
This earnest, heart-felt wish of mine;
That never through thy future life
May heavier cross than this be thine.

SONG OF FIRE.

READ you not in classic story
How a robber bold, one day
Climbed the starry heights of Heaven,
Stole a precious thing away—
Hastening earthward with his treasure,
With what ecstasy of soul
Did the waiting world receive me—
Me, the precious thing he stole.

In the East yon ruined tower,
Towering skyward still you see,
By a nation high in power,
Was that castle built for me.
With what zeal that nation served me
Through long ages—son and sire—
On their broad-swords fiercely swearing
That I never should expire.

Westward turn your wondering glances;
Rising from a crystal sea,
From the bosom of a mountain
Heaving as in agony,

Where the black and sulphurous vapours
  Mingle with the bright sea's foam;
'Mid the boiling lava seek me—
  There I ever have my home.

From our foreign tours returning,
  Quit we now each distant land;
You may find me, if you seek me,
  In each home throughout the land.
I adorn the monarch's mansion,
  Cheer the peasant's lowly hearth,
See his children cluster round me
  With gay shouts of joy and mirth.

With what tender care they seek me:
  Dark their homes were I but dead;
Yet in prison bars they cage me,
  For their love is mixed with dread.
Should they lose their mastery o'er me
  But an hour, too well they know
All were lost, and they should find me
  But a cruel, ruthless foe.

WITH A CHRISTMAS CARD,

BEARING THE MOTTO,

"May Christmas bring you Happiness!"

MAY Christmas bring you happiness! What more
Could friendship's self invoke, dear friend, for thee,
Save but to add the earnest, heartfelt wish,
That many a happy Christmas thou mayest see?

Blest with fruition of thy fairest hopes,
That ever as the swift-winged seasons roll,
The herald Angels' glorious strain may find
Unceasing echo in thy heart and soul.

TO EMMELINE.

FAREWELL, my gentle Emmeline,
A long farewell to thee;
When next the sunset gilds yon woods
I'll be upon the sea.

Ah me! my heart grows sad to think
What years must pass before
I look on thy sweet face again,
Or clasp this hand once more.

Hadst thou but been of meaner race,
A simple woodland flower,
I had not feared to bid thee grace
My bright but humble bower.
But ah! between thy lot and mine,
Like some malignant spell,
Thy father's wealth a gulf hast cast;
And so, my love, farewell.

And yet, my gentle Emmeline,
I never meant to speak
The sad farewell of hopeless love;
Then let thy pallid cheek
Resume its bloom; thy soft brown eyes
With wonted lustre shine:
If 'tis in mortal to command
Success, thou shalt be mine.

And we shall wander side by side
In sunsets bright as now,
Through meads as fair, where stately trees
Shall shade thy queenly brow.
And I shall point to woodlands, broad
As are thy sires, with pride;
And say, "All these my hand has won
For thy sweet sake, my bride."

SPELLS.

A VILLAGE maiden, fair and young,
One mellow Autumn day,
With bounding heart and footstep, bent
To a deep, dark dell her way:
To a deep, dark dell, where all day long
The fairies dwell in caves,
And come at night their boats to launch
Upon the lakelet's wave.

"I go," she said, with dancing eyes
And laughter-dimpled cheek,
"From 'Mab,' the gentle fairy Queen,
A potent spell to seek—

A charm, so potent and so strong,
That all who look on me
Shall own my power, and at my feet
For aye my captive be."

A young knight, riding through the dell,
Beheld the maiden fair,
And marked her wild rose-tinted cheek,
Her gleaming, golden hair,
The lustre of her deep blue eyes,
Her footstep's bounding grace,
And vowed, "I ne'er before have seen
So fair a form or face.

"Small need hast thou for Spells to seek
In fairy dells," he cries;
"More potent charm than gift of theirs
Lies hidden in thine eyes.
The meshes of thy golden hair
Have bound me captive fast,
And laid me spell-bound at your feet
As long as life shall last."

EMMELINE DUNBAR.

A TALE OF THE SEA.

THE storm raged fierce at Christmas tide,
And on the midnight air
The frequent signal gun was blent
With wailings of despair;
For on the sea a hapless barque
Was tossed on every wave,
And crowds looked on in helplessness,
And could not hope to save.

Young Ronald Græme upon the beach
Kept pacing to and fro,
His strong hands clenched in agony,
His bright face blanched with woe;
For well he knew that ship held one
Than life more precious far—
The joy and sunshine of his heart,
Sweet Emmeline Dunbar.

"Oh! for the blessed sake of Christ,
To save them let us try;
Can ye be men to stand unmoved,
And watch a maiden die?"

And gray-haired seamen shook their heads—
"Dear youth, 'twere but to cast
Life fruitlessly away: no power
Could hope to brave that blast."

"And what were life to Ronald Græme?"
In frantic tones he cried—
"Could he stand idly by and see
The waves o'erwhelm his bride?"
Then plunged into the boiling flood,
In vain his hope to save;
Before he reached the vessel's side
She sank beneath the wave.

Next morning, when the winds were hushed,
Borne inward by the blast,
The forms of Ronald and his bride
Upon the beach were cast;
And many a requiem, sad and sweet,
By pious lips was sung
For gentle Emmeline Dunbar,
Who died so fair and young.

And yet when Christmas tide returns,
Around the peasant's fire

The pitying children cluster close
To hear some gray-haired sire
Relate the tale of Ronald Græme,
And of his fair young bride,
Sweet gentle Emmeline Dunbar,
Who perished in youth's pride.

SONG.

I CANNOT tell if ever love
Has dwelt within this wayward breast,
But if he did, he has not been
A frequent nor abiding guest.

But once, I dreamt a gorgeous dream
Of some far off delightsome land;
Wherein a tall majestic form
Moved by my side and held my hand,

And mingling with the joyous strains
Of myriad birds, from countless trees,
Of cooing doves, and murmuring brooks,
And soft, harmonious hum of bees,

The summer zephyr's soft sweet sigh,
The dancing fountains tinkling fall,
Came the clear accents of a voice,
More dear, more musical, than all.

And from a cloudless, deep blue sky
A glorious summer sun beamed fair,
And luscious fruits, and fadeless flowers,
And rich, resplendent gems were there:

A land of deep, bewildering bliss,
Of light, and melody, and bloom,
Whose every scene was loveliness,
Whose zephyrs' odorous with perfume.

But brighter, dearer, sweeter far
Than fadeless flowers and cloudless skies,
Than summer sun, or evening star,
Beamed forth the light of soft brown eyes.

And though that radiant dream has passed,
Since then has never ceased to shine
Upon my path the 'wildering light
Of soft brown eyes resembling thine.

Though from my slumber rudely waked,
When thou art near me, still I seem
To see the tall, majestic form
That walked beside me in my dream,

And when upon my waking sense
The accents of thy sweet voice fall,
I seem to recognise the tones
Which made my dreamland musical.

SONG.

Air—"*Every, every where.*"

IN London, on a Summer's eve,
I met a maiden fair
Of Jewish race, and matchless grace,
And flowing chestnut hair.
Her eyes shone bright as midnight stars,
And on her cheek and mouth,
In deepest crimson beauty, glowed
The roses of the South.

And my heart went with her everywhere,
Every, every where;
My Jewess bright, with eyes like night,
And flowing chestnut hair.

Her voice was like the softest tone
Of Summer's gentlest breeze:
Like gleaming sunshine flashed her smile,
My beautiful Louise.
Within her father's princely halls
She moved in beauty rare:
The loveliest and the queenliest thing,
Where all was bright and fair.

And my heart, &c., &c.

And, spell-bound by her wondrous charms,
Upon her breath I hung,
As Israel's ancient melodies
In glorious strains she sung.
As o'er the keys her white hands moved,
I stood behind her chair,
And felt my heart for life enchained
By links of chestnut hair.

And my heart, &c., &c.

Alas! for this poor love of mine!
This flower of Judah's tree,
This loveliest bud of Abraham's line,
It blossoms not for me.
Some youth of her own ancient race
My cherished gem shall wear,
While this poor faithful heart must pine,
Or wither in despair.

And yet go with her everywhere,*
Every, every where;
My Jewess bright, with eyes like night,
And flowing chestnut hair.

* The above Song was written at the request of a friend who admired the air, but disliked the words usually sang to it.

THEN AND NOW.

WRITTEN ON THE PRINCE OF WALES' VISIT TO INDIA.

HARK! 'tis the music of the Christmas bells,
By distance softened; and the glorious strain,
Still floating westward, falls upon the ear
As clear and sweet as when on Bethlehem's plain

The awe-struck shepherds heard from angel lips
The glad announcement of a Saviour's birth,
When heaven's own minstrels swelled the triumph song—
"Glory to God on high, and Peace on earth!"

What varied fortunes varying seasons bring?
What hopes and fears in one short year lie hid?
To one the golden wand of power is given,
To one a name traced on a coffin lid.

No life is made of unmixed joy or grief:
All have their summer time with cloudless skies;
Their autumn when the bright flowers fade and droop;
And wintry days when bitter storms arise.

Four years ago we watched, with bated breath
Listening with terror for the Christmas bells,
While feebly wrestling with the Angel Death
Our Prince lay helpless, lest sad funeral knells

Should mar the music of the anthem hymn;
While, like a mighty cloud, uprose to heaven
A mourning nation's pleading heart-felt prayers,
And to those prayers the precious life was given.

We never dreamt till then how deep a place
He held in Britain's warmest, tenderest love;
New links of loyalty were then entwined,
That treason's self were powerless to move.

The prayers first breathed for him in danger's hour
Now follow him across the trackless sea,
And from the perils of an unknown land
A daily safeguard and defence shall be.

Now mingling with the ever-welcome strains,
The clear sweet music of the Christmas bells,
O'er ocean floating, from far India borne,
An empire's joyful acclamation swells.

Hark to the shouts of welcome, long and loud,
With which they rush his onward march to greet;
Ind's costliest gems, and Ophir's finest gold,
In lavish offering pouring at his feet.

In all the glittering pageantry of power,
The dazzling pomp of Oriental pride,
Rajahs and kings (erst while our deadliest foes),
With friendliest greeting, gather to his side.

"Glory to God on high" for "Peace on earth"
Breathed softly over Cawnpore's awful well;
From Delhi's walls to glorious Lucknow, pealing
In one loud chorus, let the anthem swell

From height to height, in grand reverberation;
And never may the glorious echoes cease
Till all the kingdoms of that mighty nation
Become the kingdoms of the Prince of Peace!

A FANTASY.

FOR MOORE'S CENTENARY.

A HUNDRED years ago, in sweet, bewitching May,
In smiling slumber wrapped, a new-born infant lay:
Not yet the ancient gods had passed from mortal ken,
Nor ceased to visit now and then the haunts and homes of men.

And so, in sportive mood, a glittering, godlike band
On rainbow pinions flew across old Erin's land:
O'er lakes and emerald meads, and mountains glimmering gray,
Where Dublin town gleamed fair, girt by its glorious bay;

And, pausing in their flight, earthward their glances fell,
Where, stainless as a pearl within its rose-hued shell,
Pure as a lily leaf, fair as new-fallen snow,
The sweet and smiling babe lay slumbering far below.

Poised on her golden wings, in accents of delight,
The mighty Juno cried, "Behold this beauteous sight,
Ye gods! this favoured child henceforth shall be our care,
With godlike gifts endowed, with virtues grand and rare."

And, bending o'er the babe, her lips to his she pressed,
And from that thrilling kiss swept surging through his breast
Grand and majestic thoughts, suggesting noblest deeds,
True universal brotherhood, reckless of race or creeds.

Mars taught his ardent soul with valourous thoughts to thrill—
Minerva wisdom brought, and Orpheus sent him skill;
Fair Venus gave him love, for ever to endure,
While Diane, breathing on the gift, still kept it chaste and pure.

And thus the gods, well pleased, in noblest offerings vied:
A fount of burning words one deity supplied;
A sparkling fancy one, and one a poet's soul,
And one the true celestial fire, which rash Prometheus stole;

While Nature's self supplied a frank and generous mind,
A lofty, genial soul, wit sparkling and refined.
The tuneful Muses came, his visions to inspire;
"And I," Apollo cried, "shall dower him with my lyre,

"Which, 'neath his magic touch, shall ne'er one discord breathe,
Nor round its golden strings one noxious blossom wreathe.
No fierce sectarian fued shall with its music jar:
No petty party strife its Heaven-born mission mar;

"But harmony and peace, indignant scorn of wrong,
And love of all things good and grand shall echo through his song;
While still the patriot's soul bursts forth at every tone,
As deathless as the flame which warms the poet's own."

While thus their gifts they poured around the sleeping
child,
The mighty Jove himself, well pleased, looked on and
smiled.
It but remains for me to add undying fame,
Then to pronounce aloud our patriot poet's name,

"Beneath whose magic touch the nation's heart shall
thrill,
And glow or melt as suits the mighty master's will:
A glory and a boast where'er the race is known—
Of every circle bard, the idol of his own."

Where'er one Irish soul with patriot fire is stirred,
That deathless name shall be an honoured household
word,
To live in Erin's love while Irish hearts endure;
And, bending o'er the babe, he breathed, Immortal
Thomas Moore!

SONG.

HOW lovely is the moon this Autumn night:
How calm, how peaceful, how serenely fair!
Then come, my Carine, 'neath its radiance forth,
And bid, with me, awhile adieu to care.

What blissful memories the moonlight wakes,
As it enfolds us in its glorious sheen,
Of that glad Summer's night when, 'neath its rays,
My heart first owned thee for its gentle queen.

How beautiful you looked in that soft light:
With what bewitching, child-like, timid grace
Your bright head 'neath my raptured glances droop'd,
While deeper rose tints mantled o'er your face.

I blest the moonbeams for the glimpse they gave
Of happy blushes on your velvet cheek;
And, 'neath long lashes, gleaming lovelit eyes,
Which told the tale the sweet lips would not speak.

Then come, my Carine, and the gentle moon,
The only witness to my first fond vow,
Shall hear me whisper in thine ear to-night,
"I loved thee then, but far more dearly now."

CHANGE.

ALAS! alas! I find it everywhere:
Each well-known nook, each bank, each rill, each tree,
Bears sad, sad impress of a cruel change;
But, worst of all, I find it most with thee,
My one all radiant, ever-worshipped star,
To whom my thoughts still wandered while afar.

Since last my foot has pressed my native vale,
On that bright eve when, wandering by my side,
You listened smiling to my true-love tale,
And gently whispered "I will be your bride,"
While the soft lustre of your radiant eyes
Gave back the azure of the moonlit skies.

How beautiful the future seemed, Louise:
Wealth, happiness, and love all graced my path;
I never dreamt that cruel change would come
So soon athwart it, with remorseless wrath,
To sweep all brightness and all joy away,
And leave me ruin and despair for aye.

And yet, Louise, hadst thou been only true,
I ne'er had murmured at my adverse lot,
Thy smiles of tender sympathy had shed
So true a light within my humble cot,
That in its sunshine I had set me down
In calm contentment, scorning Fortune's frown;

And had been able, 'gainst the storms of fate,
To battle with an honest, manly hand,
And win a glorious future for thy sake,
(Although perchance within a distant land,)
With an undaunted soul, and unpaled cheek,
If thou hadst not been fickle, false, and weak.

CONSECRATION OF STRABANE MEMORIAL CHURCH.

30th OCTOBER, 1879.

"I was glad when they said unto me, let us go into the House of the Lord."

"She hath done what she could."

"COME, let us build an altar to our God,"
So said the holy men, in days of old—
"A dwelling, worthy of His glorious name:"
And then they clothed the glowing thought in stone

And all that love and burning zeal could bring—
The craftman's skill, the willing worker's hand:
Treasures of forest, mountain, land and sea,
And all of loveliest and of best was brought,
Until the stately pile rose up to heaven,
A sculptured anthem and a marble psalm:
Which, consecrated to His name, became
A nation's glory and the whole world's joy.

Thus, in this place, a little band have said,
"Come, let us build a temple to our God;"
And tireless zeal, and woman's earnest heart,
Have daily laid their offerings at His shrine,
And poured, like her with "alabaster box,"
The spikenard of their works upon His feet:
Till from the labour of their love has risen
A goodly building, beautiful and fair;
And now a great and happy throng have met
To consecrate the offering to His name.

Solemn the scene, and ne'er to be forgot;
Thrilling and sweet the grand, majestic words
Pronounced by gray-haired bishop; thrilling sweet
The loud responses of the attendant throng

Of white-robed clergy; more than thrilling sweet
The glorious melody of grand "Te Deum,"
Of Hallelujah chorus, one vast sea of song;
While ever and anon, like distant waves
Surging and breaking 'gainst some rocky shore,
Like the loud rush of many waters, bursts
From every lip the deep and loud Amen.

O Thou from whom all grace and beauty emanate,
Is ought too fair, too grand, to offer Thee?
Are not the silver and the gold Thine own?
And shall man fling with churlish, grudging hand,
Reluctant tribute at his Sovereign's feet?
Nay, rather, as the autumn sunlight falls
Upon the chancel window, till its rays
Seem to have cast a halo round the head
Of the meek Christ, and those who sup with Him,
And burns and glows upon the pictured scene,
Until it kindles, in one gorgeous blaze
Of warmth and colour, life and loveliness,—
May it be emblematic of the love,
The kindling zeal that thrills Thy servants' souls;
And as on pulpit, lectern, and on font
The cold gray stone seems bursting into bloom

Of wreathing blossom and of clustering fruit;
And kingly eagle, with its wings outspread:
So may Thy spirit, breathing on their hearts,
Call into life, from out their stony depths,
The springing buds of love, joy, hope;
The pure, sweet flowers of holiness of life,
The clustering fruits, ripening to all good works;
Unselfish love, a charity unfeigned;
True brotherhood, devotion childlike, meek;
Zeal for the honour and the House of God;
High aspirations for the grand and good,
That, eagle-like, soar upward unto heaven!

Such are the offerings we would bring to Thee;
And as this "sacred house" this day has been
For ever to Thy service "consecrate,"
Be pleased, O Lord! the offering to accept,
And deign Thyself to consecrate the hearts,
The lips, the lives, the inmost thoughts of those
Who enter through the portals of these doors
To Thine own service, now and evermore!

THOUGHTS ON THE TAY BRIDGE DISASTER.

THE New Year wakes in sadness, like a babe
Who enters wailing on this mortal scene;
And there be few, alas! with smiling brows
And loving words to bid him welcome here;
For half the world seems seated on the ground,
In dust and ashes and in sackcloth robed,
In all the signs of deepest, hopeless woe,
Of bitterest sorrow and distress most dire:
And cureless wounds the cruel Old Year gave.

Oh 'Seventy-nine, unhappy 'Seventy-nine!
Oh sad, sad year, so strangely, sadly closed!
Men long shall speak thy name with shuddering awe,
Sadly rehearse thy deeds with bated breath,
Shall tell how carnage revelled in thy reign,
How pestilence stalked slow from land to land;
And famine, gaunt and pale, laid her lean hand
With deadly grasp upon our own fair isle;
How oceans' shores were thickly strewn with wrecks,

And how disaster, and disease, and death
Seem to have held high carnival upon
The helpless earth, with ruin and dismay,
Until men's hearts seemed failing them for fear,
And stunned and heartsick many a lip sent forth
The fervent wish that thy dark reign were o'er;
And how when time, with slow but steady pace,
Had brought fulfilment to men's eager prayer,
And but a few short days of power remained
To thee, a fearful tempest swept the lands,
And howling winds broke thy last Sabbath's calm,
And the storm spirit, unrestrained, went forth
In all its awful might to devastate,
And far above the wild ungoverned shriek
Of angry hurricane, of storm-fiend's rage,
Thrilling and dread as the archangel's trump,
Burst forth a nation's wail of agony,—
Heart-broken Scotland's cry above her dead,
Her hapless children in an instant dashed,
Unwarned, unconscious, from that fatal bridge,
When rent asunder, like a child's frail toy,
Or fragile reed within a giant's grasp,
That awful length of iron girders snapped,
And bridge and rushing train, 'mid howl, and shriek,

And storm-fiend's growl, with all its precious freight
Of human life and human love, went down,
In "dumb, dumb silence," to eternity!

Alas! alas, for the unhappy land!
How many of her homes are desolate?
How many of her noblest hearts are rent?
God breathe sweet consolation on their woe.
Alas! alas, that love and death should dwell
In the same world. Alas, that life should be
So full of sadness, that man's rugged path
Should lie o'er hidden pitfalls, snares, and graves!

The New Year wakes in sadness, for that wail
Still vibrates in the air, still sadly wakes
Responsive echo in all lands, all hearts;
Wakes pitying tears from all who hear the tale,
Deep, tender prayers for every loving heart
Bereaved and broken on the bridge of Tay,
That He, who in His wisdom sent the stroke,
May gently touch the sorrow-blinded eyes,
That they may see and own a Father's hand
Even in the blow which leaves them desolate,
And feel that even in their awful doom

God's eye had time to see and mark His own,
And that their souls lay just as close to heaven
In Tay's dark depths as those who, couched on down,
Gave their meek spirits at the Master's call,
And that the young year opening now so dark
May through His love and pity brighter grow,
And (the dark clouds which wrap our land dispelled)
May yet be crowned with peace and plenteousness.

NORAH'S LETTER.

MARCH, Eighteen-eighty, the year the pratie
Has disappeared from the dear ould land:
These lines, achorra, yer own poor Norah
Sends her faithful love, wid her own true hand.

Och, Barney jewel, the times are cruel
In the Imerald Isle for many's the day;
An' yer poor ould mother, an' many another,
Has suffered sore since ye went away:

For disolation's throughout the nation,
An' the food has failed, an' the fire is scant;
While aich poor naybour seeks in vain for labour
Till the very childer are pale from want.

An' the cry comes swellin' from aich poor dwellin':
From the South and West, and dark Donegal,
While we on the coast have suffered most,
And Rosses and Glenties are worst of all.

Ye hoped in yer letter that times were better,
An' ye niver dramed that the hunger pain
An' famine could come to our cottage home;
An' ye know I niver was one to complain.

I was seldom daunted, but always wanted
Of my hard bare lot to make the best;
But ye know, achorra, yer own poor Norah
Was sure to suffer among the rest.

An' I'm feared, dear Barney, wid all the blarney
Ye used to whisper about my face,
The warmest lover could now discover
But little sign of good looks or grace.

So I kep' from writin' for fear to frighten'
  Yer lovin' heart; but there's news to-day
From a noble lady, to Father Brady,
  That she manes to banish our grief away.

Wid all her splendour her heart's as tender
  As any poor colleen in Erin's Isle;
May good angels guard her, may God reward her,
  An' light her path wid His blessed smile!

An' our noble Mimber, since last Novimber,
  Is workin' hard for our country's good,
An' has succeeded in what was needed—
  In providin' work for to earn our food.

An' Barney, honey, they're sendin' money,
  Male, coal, and praties, an' clothes galore;
An' that blissed Duchess is going to purchass
  New seed to set our fields once more.

So we trust, achorra, that want an' sorra
  May fly for iver the Imerald Isle;
An' plenty wakin', like daylight brakin',
  May flood our land, 'neath the angel smile

Of the blessed dame, whose cherished name
  Shall go down to fame as the Duchess good:
Whose true heart could bleed for ould Erin's need,
  An' who sent her starving people food.

Then, Barney, jewel, this time so cruel
  Will pass away from the dear ould land;
Manetime, achorra, yer lovin' Norah
  Is yours for iver in heart and hand.

March 13th, 1880.

BARNEY'S ANSWER TO NORAH'S LETTER.

OCH hone, achorra, my own swate Norah,
  I waited long till I'd get yer letter;
But, as I read, salt tears I shed,
  To think that the tidin's should not be better.

Och, Norah, mavrone, my love, me own,
  To think what ye've suffered an' I not hear,
To shield yer form from the bitter storm,
  An' kiss from yer fadin' cheek the tear.

"An' the dear ould mother, an' many another"—
Och, the heart that's widin me is breakin' wid grief:
The best blissins of Heaven for ever be given
To the angel on earth who has sent yez relief!

Shure, Norah, me jewel, the lot must be cruel,
An' bitther an' hard when ye've larned to complain;
But, me own colleen dhas, this time must soon pass,
An' comfort and joy be yer own once again.

A small trifle I'm sendin', in hopes ye'll be spendin'
The same on yerself, ma mavourneen asthore;
An' a gift to the mother, an' wish wan another
Were for yer dear sakes a hunner times more.

Ye'll mind, shure me darlin', me friend young Paul Carlin,
He waits in the news-room right over the way;
All the papers wid news that the gentlemen use
He sees, an' still reads what the Irish wans say;

An' can tell like a printer, all through the hard winter,
How much the good Markiss has done for the lan';
An' last night he kem over to tell yer true lover
That the gineral election is close, dear, at han'.

So, Norah, me woman, the time is soon comin'—
The best of a chance for yez, one and for all—
When he should be provin' that grateful an' lovin'
Is the heart of the pisint of dark Donegal;

An', beleeve yer own Barney, in spite of the blarney
New comers may tell yez, no odds what's their side,
Ne'er a stranger can plead, nor yet feel for yer need,
Like the noble young Mimber ye've trusted an' tried.

An', Norah, me honey, shure lashins of money
Through the hands of the clargy we're sendin' yez all;
An' we trust it will last till the famine is past,
An' swate plinty is smilin' through dark Donegal.

Then don't keep from writin' for fear ye would
frighten'
The heart of the bouchal who'll love ye till death ;
But send him news often, his sorra to soften,
Who'll pray for ould Erin wid life's latest breath.

So no more I'll be sayin', but finish by prayin'
All blissins to rest on ye, cushla asthore ;
An' remain, widout blarney, yer own faithful Barney,
Dear Norah, yer lover and fri'nd evermore.

March 20th, 1880.

SUMMER.

THE gorse gleams golden on the moorland wild,
And mingles with the heather's purple bloom,
And balmy evening's breeze comes laden deep
With scented snow-white hawthorn flowers'
perfume.

The cool syringia's pale sweet clusters twine
With yellow tasselled young laburnum trees,
Exhaustless El Dorados golden sweet,
For tireless throngs of velvet-vested bees ;

And deep among the cool green orchard grass
The rosy-tinted apple blossoms lie,
And rivers, in the sunshine sparkling bright,
Reflect the liquid sapphire of the sky;

And echoing strains from forest minstrels' throats
Ring clear and joyous through the sunlit goves,
And the gay cuckoo's cheery call is blent
With the soft, tender cooing voice of doves.

The meads are gemmed with wild flowers, and the fields
Fresh emerald green, with springing feathery oats
And fair young flax, while hay's soft odorous breath
Far o'er the vale from new-mown upland floats.

Oh, the rare beauty of the summer woods!
Their sylvan shades and sweet secluded bowers,
Bright sparkling rills, and flowery, ferny nooks,
And graceful trees, as beautiful as flowers:

The spreading beech, with soft, sunlighted leaves;
The chestnut, rich with creamy blossoms fair;
The cool broad sycamore, the kingly oak,
And silvery lime, quivering on summer air.

Oh, all of glory, loveliness, delight,
Of gladness, witchery, harmony, sweet mirth;
All pleasant things, of feeling, sound, and sight,
Come with the golden summer time to earth.

She breathes upon the lands, and blessing broods
From cloud-capped hill to valley's daisied sod,
And all grows radiant, beautiful, and bright,
For smiling summer is the smile of God.

AN OLD MAN'S RETROSPECT.

I'M looking back o'er memory's track,
Far o'er an ocean blue,
Across whose foam a cottage home
Glides slowly into view:
A quaint old mill on gorse-crowned hill,
A waste of purple heath,
And overhead a blue sky spread,
An emerald sward beneath.

Through mists and tears of struggling years
I turn with longing look,
And yearn to stand in that dear land
Beside the moss-browed brook
A happy boy, with careless joy
Through sunlit woods to roam,
Or idly dream by mountain stream
Of golden days to come.

Oh, happy hours! oh, sweet wild flowers!
I feel their fragrance now
Recall to-night, with keen delight,
The breeze that fanned my brow,
When hope and health made all my wealth,
And all my golden store
Shone in the bloom of gorse and broom
Around my cottage door.

Ah me! since then, o'er many a glen,
In many a land I've passed;
And though success has come to bless
A life of toil at last,

And wealth is mine, I would resign—
  Nay, gladly give it all—
To roam a boy, as full of joy,
  Through grand old Donegal;

Or, later still, o'er moor and hill
  To wander side by side
With her whose truth made glad my youth,
  But in life's morning died.
A fair, proud dame now wears my name,
  And though her worth I prize,
Most sweet to me 's the memory
  Of soft, dark lovelit eyes.

Oh, dear old land! oh, far-off strand!
  How beautiful you seem;
Oh, sweet Burn Dale, through loveliest vale,
  How fair your waters gleam!
Oh, Lennon! fair beyond compare,
  Girt by your grand oak wood,
Dear shadowy lake, what memories wake
  Of thy dark classic flood!

Blue Finn, whose waves wind by the graves
Where all my kindred rest;
Oh, dear old home, might I but come
To slumber on thy breast!
In looking back o'er memory's track,
And memory's magic spell
Has brought to-night before my sight
The land I love so well;
Her hills, her woods, her crystal floods,
Her fertile emerald shore:
Heaven guard them still from every ill,
And bless her evermore!

THE MOABITE STONE.

"The whole wealth of the people of Chemosh in one stone."—
Captain Renczynski.

NO sparkling jewel this, with lustrous light
To flash and burn on monarch's diadem,
Or star-like gleam 'mid beauty's tresses set,
And yet, in sooth, a rare and priceless gem!

For, bursting through the mists and death-like gloom
Enshrouding kingdoms long, long lost and gone,
Renczynski's master-hand has flashed to light
The treasure hidden in the gray old stone.

Till now, beneath Truth's searching, sun-like rays,
It, Memnon-like, grows instinct with sweet sound,
Till each quaint, gray old character finds voice,
The scornful, sneering sceptic to confound.

Oh! ever thus may skill and science wait,
The reverent, faithful handmaids of their God,
Their proudest boast His witnesses to be,
Their high reward to spread His praise abroad.

MEETING OF ULYSSES AND NAUSACAA.

SUGGESTED BY A PASSAGE IN ELIA'S HISTORY OF ULYSSES.

He slept within the shelter of the wood,
His mighty limbs like fallen trees outspread,
In all the deep abandon of fatigue,
Inert and powerless as a sleeping babe
In the deep trance-like sleep exhaustion brings,
His sinewy arms laid 'neath his weary head,
And the crisp locks curled o'er his massive brow,
Nestling and mingling 'neath the fresh green grass
Which sprang luxuriant 'neath the forest trees.
Thrice had the day god run his dazzling rounds,
And the third time at noon had paused to pour
His fiercest beams on that unsheltered brow,
Yet stirred he not, nor felt unwonted heat.—
The zephyrs sighed among the giant oaks,
The willow swayed to meet the murmuring breeze,
And to his greetings sighed a soft response;
And gently surging 'gainst the pebbly beach—
Now faint and sweet, as lingers ocean's voice
Within the chambers of a shell; now loud;
Now muffled like the dash of far-off oar,
The sea waves break in music 'gainst the shore.

The birds, which clustered in the stately trees
In countless myriads, made the noon tide air
Quiver, and thrill, and ring with melody,
As from their tireless golden throats they poured
Their rapturous strains of worship to the sun;
The wood dove circling through the sunlit grove
With plaintive cooings wooed his snow-white mate,
And earth, and air, and sea were musical;
And dancing sportive as a playful child,
Sparkling and dimpling 'neath the sun's warm kiss,
A broad blue zone, with edge of silver foam,
The smiling Callaroe stretched broad and fair,
While here and there, with slender arm it branched
Aside to bound, with many a gleeful leap,
In giant cisterns, on its velvet banks.

And while he slept, across the verdant meads,
Their light feet flying o'er the perfumed grass,
A band of merry laughing maidens came,
Fair, sweet, and graceful as the buds that sprang
Elastic and uninjured from the tread
Of those small feet, whose airy bounding grace
Kept faultless time to their own joyous strains,
As, bearing many a rich embroidered robe

Of snowy linen or of gleaming silk
In dimpled arms from out the golden coach
Which bore them hither to their pleasant toil;
With dancing step and laughing glee they come
To plunge the snow-white vestments in the crystal tide
Which filled the cisterns by the river's marge.
And ever as they plied their sportive task,
The small hands dipping in the waters now,
Now casting playfully a shower of drops
Among the bright gold of some comrade's hair;
Anon the white and swiftly glancing feet
Treading the linen's ever whitening folds,
And casting wreaths of pearly, glistening spray
Far out across the flower-bespangled meads;
The while the sweetest of all gleeful sounds,
The rippling laugh of happy girlhood broke
Clear, sweet, and musical upon the air.

And now their toil was ended, and the meads
Were covered with the spotless robes outspread
To meet the kisses of the great red sun;
And while they waited till his beams had drawn
All moisture from the vestments stretched beneath,
They cast, with many a gleeful shout, a ball

From hand to hand, while one who stood apart
Till now, nor shared, yet watched the playful toil,
Approached at last to join the graceful sport.
Fair were the maids and beautiful to see,
Joyous as birds, and graceful as gazelles;
But by the side of her who joined them now
The fairest cheek grew wan, and dim, and pale:
She moved among them radiant as the dawn,
The glory of her beauty dimming their's:—
A goddess 'mong a band of forest nymphs;
A cedar tree 'mong graceful circling shrubs;
A snow-white lily on the lakelet's breast
Among the daisies clustering on the marge;
A stately doe 'mong fair and sportive lambs;
A queenly swan 'mid fair and fluttering doves;
A royal princess 'mid her handmaid train—
And now her slender fingers grasped the ball,
Which, flying far beyond its destined mark,
Fell in the cistern nearest to the wood
Within whose shade the toil-worn warrior slept,
And when it fell, the joyous maidens woke
The echoes with their loud and gleeful shrieks,
And clapped their tiny hands, and shrieked again
With boisterous mirth, and danced with sheer delight,

Their silvery laughter pealing on the air,
And echoing even through tired Ulysses' dreams,
Till, starting from his couch of forest leaves,
From out the shelter of the wood he came.

Soiled was his brow and dark with ocean's surf,
Much marred and sullied from the recent fight,
The unequal strife, the rancorous sea-god's hate
Had forced upon him; tangling moist sea weeds
Hung dank and green among his bronze-like locks,
And clustered snake-like round his brawny arms;
Yet was his brow majestic, and untamed
As Neptune's own that eye whose lofty glance
Had kindled Greece to deeds of deathless fame,
And lit the funeral pyre of fated Troy.
Though dimmed and shadowed by long sleepless watch,
And heart-wrung tears, as daily from his sight
The loved companions of his woes were snatched,
And he, the shuttlecock of fortune's spite,
Left to endure keen misery alone,
Unqualing met the angry day-god's frown.
The giant form, which Nature's hand had cast
In her most kingly, most heroic mould,

Though bruised and blackened from the rocks' sharp
blows,
And covered only by swift-woven robes
Of close green leaves snatched from the forest boughs,
Yet wore a nameless dignity and grace,
A strange majestic beauty, all its own;
Such was the form that burst upon the sight
Of that gay band of laughter-loving girls,
Who shrieking in dismay fled north and south,
Ne'er doubting but the Deity who dwelt
Within the neighbouring wood, enraged to hear
The stillness of his sanctuary profaned
With giddy laughter and with thoughtless song,
Had come to chide them for their ill-timed mirth.

But she, the loveliest of that blooming band—
The bright moon moving 'mid encircling stars
In calm resplendent majesty serene—
Shrieked not, nor moved her from the spot; her cheek
Just deepened to a bright, lovelier tint,
While o'er the marble of her queenly brow
A rose hue stole, and lingered, till it vied
With the bright buds that nestled on her breast,
And clustered in her slender golden zone,

And in her soft and dove-like eyes there shone
A new and tender beauty, till they grew
Darkened and moist with pity's heavenly dew,
Divine compassion kindling in her soul,
To mark a form whose well-nigh God-like grace
Not misery's rudest shocks could spoil or mar;
And he, round whom great Circé's magic spells
In vain were woven, round whose giant limbs
Her strongest fetters snapped and fell away
Harmless and fragile as a spider's cord;
He, whose pure eyes with one fair image filled,
Beheld her super-human loveliness
With cold indifference; he whose faithful heart
Not all Calypso's goddess art could move,
Surprised, bewildered, by the sudden blaze,
The unexpected splendour of her charms,
Unwitting raised before his dazzled eyes
A shielding hand, like one upon whose head
The sun's fierce rays beat down with blinding glare,
Bent with a grace, peculiarly his own,
His haughty head, believing Pallas' self
Had deigned to visit him in mortal guise.

THE VISION OF CAEDMON.

"SING to us, Caedmon! Caedmon prithee, sing!"
Such were the words that nightly vexed my soul,
Brought nightly to my eyes hot tears of shame,
For I, alas! was voiceless. Nightly round
The great wide hall, with serfs and vassals thronged,
The sweet toned harp was passed from hand to hand—
Plaintive or gay, as suited best the mood
Of the capricious singer; lays of love,
Soft and caressing as the wood dove's calls;
Or stirring tale of high chivalrous deeds
Of some crusading warrior, wandering king,
Enchanted knight, or high-born captive dame;
Some gay Arthurian legend, sparkling bright,
And flashing as the sword "Escalibar,"
Which formed the theme of many a glowing tale;
Of Gawaine's glory, of Queen Guinivere,
Of Lancélot, and Merlin's magic spells;
Of white-robed Druid, and his mystic rites
In moonlit groves; Boadicea's fate;
Bright kindling themes of tilt and tournament,
And glittering pageant, sung in fiery verse,
And glowing red with all the sunset tints

And vivid hues word-imagery can give.
And I, who sat there listening, spell-bound, mute,
Though every nerve was quivering, every pulse
Bounding responsive to the thrilling strain;
Though thoughts rose surging in my swelling breast
And strove for utterance, but vainly strove,
Alone sat motionless, alone sat sad;
The seal of silence on my quivering lips,
Hot gushing tears within my downcast eyes,
Hot flushes mantling on my burning cheeks,
As night by night the ungenerous words were cast
Into my teeth—"Sing to us, Caedmon, sing!"
For they could see my anguish—that my soul
Was like an unstrung harp, whence minstrel hand
Might never draw one chord of melody—
And mocked and jeered me for my voicelessness.

And once it happened that their cruel gibes,
Their jeering words, and mocking laughter grew
Too strong for my endurance, and I rushed
Forth to the stables where my charges slept
(For I was but the lowly cowherd of my lord),
And cast me down upon the cold, bare earth,
Pouring my sorrow and my hot shame forth

Into the hearing of the patient beasts.
And then I slumbered, or at least I seemed
To slumber, for the meek-eyed beasts were gone,
And the low cattle shed seemed all transformed
To spacious hall, all luminous with light—
A lambent white, soft, warm translucent light—
Which seemed to emanate and linger, circling round
A calm, majestic visitant, who stood
With kingly brow and tender smiling eyes
Close to the spot where I, the cowherd, lay.
"Sing to me, Caedmon! prithee Caedmon, sing"—
The well-known words fell from the lips benign
With sevenfold force, with sevenfold power to pain,
And, bursting into bitter, heart-wrung tears,
I bowed my flushed face in my useless hands,
And lifted up my tuneless voice and wept,
And sobbed forth passionately, "I cannot sing."
The stranger smiled—"Nay, Caedmon, but thou must;
Sing to me, Caedmon! prithee Caedmon, sing!"

"I cannot sing; thou dost but torture me,"
I yet more passionately repeated. "I,
The humble, untaught cowherd of my lord;

There is no music in my tuneless soul,
There is no music in my unskilled hand,
There is no music in my abject lot,
No music in my changeless, aimless life,
There is no melody in these harsh tones;
I have no words, and know no glowing strain:
Where should a lowly herd find fitting theme?"
Still came the answer from the kingly lips—
"Nay, Caedmon, thou must sing," and "for a theme
Just turn and look around on God's fair earth,
Her towering hilltops and her smiling vales,
Her stately woods in noontide sunshine steeped,
Her swelling breast with living verdure robed,
And girt about with sparkling silver seas.
Say hast thou never heard the wondrous tale
Of the creation? or could mortal seek
A higher, nobler, more exhaustless theme?"—
Then was the seal of silence, which had lain
Upon my lips from childhood, sudden snapped;
And as I thought upon the wondrous theme
My visitant had given, grand lofty words
Came gushing forth in sweet majestic strain,
Free and untrammelled as the fountain flows—
Words far more glowing than the loftiest strains

Than ever yet had fallen upon my ear;
Strains far more sweet and dulcet than the hand
Of sweetest wandering minstrel from his harp
E'er swept to sooth our mighty monarch's ear;
For evermore the greatness of the theme
Gave birth to loftier and more glowing thoughts,
Embodied ever in impassioned words,
And breathed in music's softest, sweetest tones,
Till, awed and thrilling at my new-found power,
The Heaven-born fire enkindled in my soul.
In trembling rapture I awaked to find
That still the Heaven-sent gift of song was mine,
And every burning word my lips had framed
Was fresh in my remembrance, and new themes
Awoke new raptures in my awakened soul—
Transports expressed in burning, deathless words,
Till through the land the wondrous tidings spread,
And many came to hear the strange sweet songs
Now breathed from Caedmon's erstwhile tuneless lips—

Came, too, the Abbess Hilda, saintly dame,
And one for piety and learning famed;
And with her came the scholars of the land,
To test the cowboy's Heaven-imparted powers.

And from the Bible passages were chosen
Which I should chant in sonorous, tuneful verse,
And at their bidding, in a few short hours,
A poem, majestic, musical, and grand,
Surpassing sweet (they said) as seraph's strain,
And glowing with ennobling thoughts and fire,
At Heaven's own altar flame enkindled, words
Replete with learning, piety, and zeal,
With holy aspirations, and with love
To God and to my fellows; burning words,
Which needs must make men better but to hear;
And then I sang the holiest, saddest strain
That ever stirred the heart of pitying earth—
That strange black tragedy, on which the sun
Refused to look, and hid his darkened head:
The sad, sweet thrilling tale of Calvary!
And then they knew the gift divine was mine,
And that on lowly Caedmon's boyish form
The mantle of sweet song, in sooth, had fallen,
And thenceforth cowherd was I never more,
But as the "Monk of Whitby" known and loved;
And though to me by right no praise belonged,
For God's was all the glory, His the gift,
And I had nought to do but give it voice,

(By more than mortal power constrained to sing,)
Lauded and reverenced as the gifted bard
Who wrote and sang of all sweet sacred themes.

THE CHAPEL OF GWEEDORE.

'TWAS morning on the mountains,
Where, wrapped in solitude,
Majestic Nature weareth
Her wildest, grandest mood;
And hill and vale lay smiling
With fields of waving corn,
And steeped in summer sunshine,
That August Sabbath morn.

The sad, sad wail of famine
Was dying from the air,
And, rich with hope and promise,
The coming crops looked fair;
And many a sad eye brightened
To gaze upon the scene
Where Autumn tints were stealing,
Gold deepening over green.

And, spread in rich profusion
O'er many an acre wide,
In all its blossomed beauty
Glowed Erin's wealth and pride.
From hillside cabins streaming,
From gorge and mountain glen,
Sweet sad-faced peasant maidens,
Worn women, weary men:

Men on whose gaunt tall figures
Dark famine's seal was set:
Maids on whose fair pale features
Its impress lingered yet,
Gave to each other greeting
That hunger's reign was o'er,
And thankful hearts were beating
That morning in Gweedore.

But see, dark shadows gather
Athwart the summer sky,
And peals of distant thunder
Proclaim the tempest nigh;
And while red lightning flashes,
O'er dusty roads, and hot,

The startled peasants hasten
To reach the destined spot,

Where, like some white dove brooding,
In cool secluded nest,
The little Chapel nestled
Upon the gray cliff's breast.
The storm has burst above them,
The vivid lightnings flash,
Rain, hail, in angry torrents
Against the casements dash.

But, wrapped in meek devotion,
Pastor and people kneel,
And in that sacred shelter
Secure from danger feel.
But hark! what sound is blending
With prayer and sacred song?
What sudden dread has fallen
Upon the kneeling throng?

Hark! 'tis the rush of water,
With still increasing roar.
Great God! the 'whelming torrent
Sweeps through the Chapel door:

Like a remorseless ocean,
In fierce, unfettered wrath,
It rushes through the Chapel,
Swift spreading in its path

Death, anguish, desolation,
Fear, horror, and dismay!
God shield us long from such a sight
As met their eyes that day:
Men, women, children struggling
With death upon the floor;
The helpless victims hurried
Dead through the Chapel door,

The half-uttered prayer suspended
Upon the dying breath,
The holy anthem silenced
In the deep hush of death.
Morn rose upon the mountain
Most beautiful and fair:
Eve set upon a sickening scene
Of ruin and despair—
On blighted homes, hearts broken,
Whose every hope is o'er;
On sorrowing eyes, whose light was quenched
In the Chapel of Gweedore.

KATHLEEN.

A LEGEND OF DONEGAL.

O'ER fair Port Lough the sunlight falls,
But gilds no Abbey's ruined tower,
Lights up no castle's stately walls,
No donjon keep, nor ladye's bower.

Nought but a broad and peaceful lake
Reflects Aurora's fleeting smile;
And proudly on its placid breast
Displays a tiny tree-crowned isle.

This little isle alone remains
A record time can never blot,
To tell the strange and mournful tale
Connected with that fated spot.

Deep in the bosom of the vale,
In ancient times, a castle stood;
In frowning pomp its turrets gray
Rose proudly from a grand old wood.

And in its courtyard, from the ground,
A sparkling ice-cold fountain sprung,
Whose metal lid a bolt confined,
And chains from which a goblet hung.

Of it a prophet had foretold
That at no very distant day
The spring, by careless hands left free,
Would overwhelm the castle gray.

* * * * * *

There Kathleen in seclusion grew,
The aged chieftain's only child;
Fair as a dream, and good and true—
A lily in the forest wild.

The light of seventeen happy years
Danced in her laughing eyes of blue,
And played around a fairy mouth,
Sweet as a rose leaf moist with dew.

Her silken hair from off her brow
In curls of glossy brown was rolled,
Save where the wanton sunbeams fell
And kissed it into burnished gold.

A heart more free from care than her's
  Ne'er dwelt within a human breast,
Till love attuned its gentle chords
  And waked it into sweet unrest.

How lovely doth the morning break
  The first fair flushing dawn of love,
When worthy is the choice we make,
  And fortune smiles and friends approve.

What glorious hues old earth puts on—
  What forms of beauty and delight
Crowd smiling in the path of those
  Who bask in love's unclouded light.

Like that fair fabled Queen of old
  Whose fairy foot ne'er trod the earth;
But balmy odours filled the air,
  And sweetest roses sprang to birth.

So love can make the dreariest way,
  The thorniest road a path of flowers;
Beneath his touch the lowliest cot
  Grows radiant as the Paphian bowers.

His is that wonderous alchemy:
The true enchanter's wand that flings
A halo round the lowliest lot,
And turns to gold the meanest things.

Too oft this gold some dross retains—
"The sweetest rose conceals a thorn;"
A cloudy and tempestuous noon
Too oft succeeds a smiling morn.

And oh, how oft we slumber, wrapped
In some delicious dream for years,
Till roused by rude, unlooked-for stroke,
We wake at last to bitterest tears.

So Kathleen, from her earliest years,
Had cherished in her warm young heart
A dream of happiness, wherein
Young Cathal bore the foremost part.

Cathal, the bold, the eagle-eyed,
Whose castle from the distant hill
Rose grim, and frowning o'er the sea
Its gray old ruins stand there still.

And every passing year entwined
The tie first formed in infancy;
And the old chief looked on and smiled,
Well pleased their growing love to see;

Until—alas for them too soon!—
It happened in an evil hour
The Ard Righ to the valley came
And saw and loved the forest flower.

The fickle chieftain saw with pride,
And smiled upon the monarch's suit—
Ambition kindling in his heart,
Had made the voice of honour mute—

And sternly bade his daughter fair
To cast her early dream aside,
And in a few short weeks prepare
To be the aged Ard Righ's bride.

'Twas easy for the chief to speak—
"My daughter, cast this love away;"
But ah! the hapless maiden found
It was not easy to obey.

For Cathal loved her "passing well;"
And words of deep and vengeful ire,
Reproaches stern, for broken faith,
Were hurled by him against her sire.

And though each morn she made resolve
To look upon his face no more,
It seldom chanced they did not meet
Before the long, dull day was o'er.

* * * * * *

The banquet hall is thronged with guests,
With lights the mullioned windows glow;
And jocund song and boisterous jests
Together with the red wine flow;

And "fast and furious" grows the mirth,
And revelry is at its height,
When Kathleen, with an aching heart,
Steals forth into the summer night;

And, passing through the courtyard, marks
The moonlight on the fountain's brink,
And flinging back the ponderous lid
The maiden paused, and stoops to drink,

And sprinkles cooling crystal drops
  O'er aching brow and fevered hands;
Then starts, in sudden, quick alarm,
  For by her side her lover stands.

And, fearful lest he chance to meet
  With some fierce reveller from the tower,
With trembling heart and rapid feet
  She leads him to her favourite bower.

Together wapped in love's sweet woe
  (For the last time, they tell their hearts),
The swift-winged moments come and go,
  Till, all unmarked, an hour departs.

As from a trance, with sudden start,
  And deep foreboding sense of ill,
She cries, with wild fear at her heart,
  "The courtyard well! 'tis flowing still!"

And darting wildly from the bower,
  With horror-stricken eyes she sees
Fierce surging round the fated tower
  The waves have risen to their knees.

In vain, with frantic shouts, they rush
To warn the revellers in the tower,
While still, with swift, impetuous gush,
The waters spread o'er wood and bower.

And glancing round with anguished eyes
They find 'tis all too late for flight,
And Kathleen, 'gainst her lover's heart,
Shuts from her eyes the fearful sight,

While slowly, surely o'er their heads
Relentless flows the increasing flood,
Till tree, nor tower, nor trace remains
To tell where once the castle stood,

Save where the silvery lake now smiles,
And bears upon its bosom still
The little islet crowned with trees,
The summit once of tree-clad hill.

And still 'tis said, that when the lake
Is reddened by the sunset's glow,
The curious eye can plainly trace
The sunken turrets far below

Where gentle Kathleen loved and died,
  Clasped to her faithful lover's heart;
More blest to meet together thus
  Such fate, than live their lives apart.

NOTES.

Cleena, and this is Carrig Cleena. The Rock of Cleena, of which a writer in an old Dublin *Penny Journal* writes:—"The land surrounding this haunted rock has been, time out of mind, considered consecrated ground. Never did the profane hedging-bill of the peasant invade its time-honoured shrubs. The spade of the husbandman never wounded the holy glebe; and though modern improvement is rapidly changing the harsh features of this rough district, cultivation has not yet dared to intrude where superstition guards her ancient right, for tradition relates that this is the favourite abode of Cleena, a benevolent genius. Hence the haunted rock, so famous in fairy lore, has obtained the name of Carrig Cleena—

'Happy to know he dwells 'neath Cleena's care.'

The untaught peasants of the surrounding country have ever regarded Cleena as their benefactress. The rustic of the present day affirms that in her neighbourhood no cattle die from the malignant influence of the evil eye, or the mischievous power of the unfriendly spirits of the air, and that her goodness preserves the harvest crop from the blight which lays prostrate the farmers' hopes, when beings unfriendly to man appropriate to themselves the produce of his fields. The peasantry seem to be her peculiar care. Frequently she has been known to veil her celestial beauty, and, attired in the homely garb of the country, announce to some night-wanderer the expulsion from her confines of the evil spirits of the north, and the consequent abundance of a plentiful harvest."

The Lady Clare. For the beautiful legend on which I have founded this poem I am indebted to the *Hibernia Illustrata* of Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall; also for the one on which *Kathleen, a Donegal Legend*, is founded.

The Cold Water Cure. "A half-burned peat is soon kindled again" is a common proverb in the North of Ireland, and is used generally in reference to love affairs.

Kathleen: A Legend of Donegal. Like that fair fabled Queen of old, the good Queen Dagmar of the old legends, of whom it was said that flowers grew wherever she set her foot. Ard Righ, or Reagh, the chief monarch to whom the lessor sovereigns and chieftains owed fealty.

ERRATA.

Page 10, line 14, *for* "nestling close," *read* "nestling closer."
Page 39, 6th line from foot of page, *for* "glowing harmony," *read* "glorious harmony."
Page 147, line 5th, *for* "bliss," *read* "bless."
Same page, 1st line of A Farewell Wish, *for* "fare the well," *read* "fare thee well."
Page 184, line 6th, *for* "goves," *read* "groves."
Page 188, *for* "In" in 5th line, *read* "I'm."
Page 192, line 4th, *for* "come," *read* "came."
Page 195, 5th line from foot of page, *for* "deepened to a bright," *read* "deepened to a brighter, lovelier tint."

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